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Next week

GUARDS are the little big news in college basketball, from Olympian Doug Collins to a relative unknown at Arkansas. Curry Kirkpatrick turns in a roundup of the very best.

THE L.A. OPEN marks the start of the golf tour, and this year it will be held on one of the nation's most difficult courses, Riviera. Dan Jenkins tells how the pros meet the problems.

BUMMING UP for Joe Frazer, the brash young challenger George Foreman is training with the confidence of a man whose punch could take the title. Edwin Strake reports.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

GROWING PAINS

Despite disclaimers by the National Hockey League that everything is just fine and look at our attendance, up 252,000, the facts indicate that the explosive expansion of hockey has resulted in a decline of interest, at least in Canada, the heartland of the sport. The Canadian Bureau of Measurements, which functions in part as a sort of government-sponsored Nielsen rating, reports that Saturday night hockey, the No. 1 show on Canadian TV for years, has plummeted to No. 7, a stunning switch in the nation's viewing habits. The hockey-watching audience fell 25% to 3,172,000, a decline of about a million people, a substantial proportion of Canada's 22 million population.

NHL officials stuff off the decline as a natural reaction to the excitement of the Russia-Canada hockey series in September, but most observers say it is because the hockey that knowledgeable Canadian fans see on TV now lacks the quality of the hockey they used to see. A Canadiens-Penguins game doesn't have quite the same bite as Canadiens-Bruins, does it?

And as for attendance going up 252,000, the league's figures revealed that during the first six weeks of the 1972-73 season the two new teams, the New York Islanders and the Atlanta Flames, drew 260,000 between them. Simple arithmetic says this means attendance for the 14 other teams fell 8,000. More and more season-ticket holders in the old hockey cities are not using their tickets when their heroes go against the weaker expansion teams. Montreal fans point out that before expansion the Bruins played seven games against the Canadiens in Montreal. This season they play two. *Sacrébleu.*

CANOOH

Edde Robinson is an eminently successful football coach who produces winning teams at Grambling College, turns out superior players for the pros and

has been the subject of many laudatory articles and interviews, including a much-acclaimed television special by Howard Cosell a few years ago. Yet listen to Robinson on coaching:

"When a coach thinks he's the big reason his team is winning, I think he's silly. The players, not the coach, are the thing. I was offered a couple of coaching jobs last year, but when I confronted them with my proposition, they saw me in a different light. All I asked was that they get me the same kind of players I had at Grambling. I didn't want them to feel I could take average or below-average material and beat somebody. I couldn't come in and turn water to wine. I'm not a brilliant coach. I'm an average coach. But I know the importance of recruiting. I think you could take the best pro coach in the country and put him at a college with inferior material, and he wouldn't win."

MILTONIAN

When the Paradise (Texas) High Panthers suffered a defeat recently, the community's correspondent for the nearby *Wichita Falls Record* called the sports desk with the account he had written. "O.K.," said the deskman taking the story. "give me the first paragraph."

"Paradise lost," dictated the correspondent.

TAKING CARE OF ONE'S OWN

The second annual Wiseman Trophy to the nation's finest college football player was awarded last week to Brad Van Pelt, the All-America defensive back from Michigan State. You will recall, of course, the Wiseman Trophy (SCORECARD, Dec. 20, 1971). It was conceived a year ago last fall by Bob Freeman, Dick Bradley and Peter Lee, the three wise owners of the Victoria Station restaurant in San Francisco, to rectify what they considered an obvious wrong: the awarding of the 1971 Heisman Trophy to Auburn's Pat Sullivan instead of to Cornell's Ed Mannaro. That the three

awards of the Wiseman were all graduates of Cornell was considered an interesting coincidence.

The selection this year of Van Pelt, who received his trophy shortly before the East-West game, seemed to restore objectivity to the Wiseman, East Lansing being far beyond Cayuga's waters. It is probably only another interesting coincidence that Victoria Station's publicist, Glenn Dorenbusch, is a graduate of—what was that school? Oh, yes—Michigan State.

MS. PRESS

Women sportswriters are proliferating, and players, coaches and other reporters are simply having to adjust to them.

When boxer Mike Quarry became the first fighter to admit a woman to his dressing room, he told Sheila Moran of the *New York Post*: "Hey, I noticed you about the third round."

When Ted Williams was managing the Texas Rangers, he grumbled at Jeannie Morris of *Chicago Today*: "What's this shrimp female doing in my dugout?"

Some of the sportspersons say there are advantages to being a woman be-

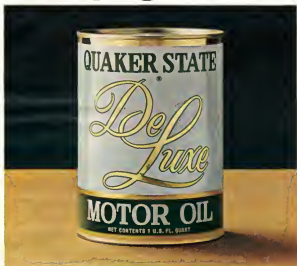


sides the obvious one. Moran explains: "Men athletes assume you don't know much about sports and are less cautious about what they say." Mary Garber, who has been covering sports for the *Winston-Salem Journal* since 1944, adds a practical reason for employing female sportswriters: "They're less likely to get punched in the nose."

Dressing rooms where athletes are apt to run around nude are a bit of a problem, but Moran turned the tables when

continued

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she was the only writer able to get into the dressing room of the first girl jockey to ride at Churchill Downs.

Query: Do men make passes at girls who wear tape recorders?

NESTFUL OF EAGLES

Carl and Peter Marasco are a couple of pro-football-fan brothers who keep embarrassing NFL coaching staffs by predicting with amazing accuracy the way the annual NFL player draft will go. Instead of million-dollar scouting systems, the brothers rely on newspaper and magazine clips, team rosters and common sense to determine which pro teams need what college players and how realistic their chances are of drafting them.

Now they have come up with a plan to revive the Philadelphia Eagles. They say the Eagles should trade all the players on their roster for 12 first-round draft choices. Because most NFL coaches prefer established pros to newly drafted collegians, the Marascos feel the trades could be swung. And since the Eagles already have two first-round picks, they would be able to select 14 blue-chip players in the first round, which is more blue-chippers, the brothers say, than the Eagles have on the roster now.

"After the first round," says Pete, "there would have to be judicious selections made for the remainder of the draft. We would not concentrate on running backs and linebackers because the drafts the next two years will produce many top players at those positions. We should be able to obtain a few top hands in each of those drafts. In three years the Eagles would be in playoff contention, and in four or five years they could dominate the league."

The Marascos realize that general managers around the NFL will laugh at their plan, but they are undismayed. As Carl says, "I think we have been right too often for anybody to chuckle at us." And, considering the Eagles' performance, what could it hurt?

PICK A POLL

Much was made of the contest between the 2-year-old colt Secretariat and the 2-year-old filly La Prevoyante for Horse of the Year honors (Secretariat won the combined poll conducted by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, the *Daily Racing Form* and the National Turf Writers Association), but less excitable members of the racing fraternity felt that

either choice was unrealistic. No 2-year-old, they argued, could properly be named horse of any year. It was as illogical as naming a particularly brilliant college junior as Man of the Year. Promise and precocity are not the same as mature achievement, and a 2-year-old colt or filly is essentially promise.

As if to rectify the emotional vote for the well-publicized 2-year-old champion, the racing magazine *Turf and Sport Digest* in its venerable poll (the oldest of these equine popularity contests) passed over both Secretariat and La Prevoyante to name 3-year-old Key to the Mint the horse of 1972. Now a new controversy rages around why Key to the Mint was picked instead of Riva Ridge, who won both the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes, the two most prestigious races for 3-year-olds. What it all comes down to, obviously, is that races and reputations are won on the track, not in the polling places.

WORST OF THE BEST

George Best (St. March 27) has been called the Joe Namath of British soccer, but Namath in his most carefree moments never caused the aggravation to team, Queen and country that Best has. A brilliant player, Best is a rebel who likes nightclubs, pretty girls, gaudy clothes and unrestricted fun, and he stiffly rejects discipline.

His latest troubles began late in November when he was charged with slapping a waitress in a Manchester club. He was later suspended by his team, Manchester United, and when he continued to skip practice sessions and ran off to London the club decided it "had no alternative but to place George Best on the transfer list." This meant Manchester United had given up on Britain's most publicized player and would sell him. "Who knows Best's mind?" asked Team Manager Frank O'Farrell. "Certainly no one seems able to get through to him. We are losing a great footballer but the decision is final."

Since Best's market value was put at more than \$700,000, no sale was immediately forthcoming. There was talk that he might leave England for a European team, or that he would end up with colorful Chelsea, the club nearest London's bright lights. But Best announced he was retiring. "When I said last summer I was going to quit," he said, "I meant it. I came back this fall

hoping my appetite for the game would return, but there was something missing. Therefore I have decided not to play football again and this time no one will change my mind."

So Best was gone, and to make Manchester United's *Glattenfammering* complete, the board of directors fired O'Farrell. Coach Malcolm Musgrove and Chief Scout John Aston.

ONE VOTE FOR MURPHY

The best player never to make an NBA All-Star game is probably Kevin (Murphy) Loughery. Eleven years in the league, Loughery has scored more than 11,500 points and has averaged as high as 22.6 for a season. Nobody else has scored so often in a career—or a season—and failed to make the All-Stars. But Loughery's best years came when he was with Baltimore, in the days when the Bullets were stacked with more spectacular players. In fact, Loughery's old Bullet teammate, Ray Scott, is the only other man to score 10,000 points and not make All-Star.

Loughery is now with the woebegone Philadelphia 76ers. He has been averaging almost 20 points a game since he began playing regularly several weeks ago. He's probably not as good as he used to be, but NBA rules require that at least one player from each club be named to the All-Star team. It would be delayed but welcome justice if Murphy were the pick from the 76ers.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Lilly, Dallas Cowboy tackle, on his physical problems: "Lee Roy Jordan says that one time his shoulder was giving him a lot of trouble until he hurt his back. Then his back hurt and his shoulder got to feeling better. Well, since I hurt my knee my heel feels better. And lately my heel has started hurting more so I assume by that my knee is getting better."
- Andy Messersmith, Los Angeles Dodger pitcher, asked what he thought about facing Henry Aaron: "I wouldn't mind giving up career home runs 714 and 715 to Aaron, just as long as the Dodgers win the game 9-8."
- Herb Magee, Philadelphia Textile coach, on why his basketball team is ranked among the top 10 small colleges: "First, because we deserve it, and second, because I'm on the rating committee."

END

SWEET 16 ON A SUPER TRIP

*The Dolphins remained unbeaten and
untouched by Pittsburgh miracles,
so now all that stands between them
and a perfect 17 are the Redskins*
by RON REID

Almost everywhere across the pro football landscape last weekend there was a heartfelt vote for the Pittsburgh Steelers. It was difficult not to show sympathy for a team so snake-bitten that it had suffered its whole long life, 40 years, without a single championship and, despite the kindest owner in all sportsdom, had acquired little more throughout its history than curious draft choices, holding penalties and halfbacks certain to drown on a sprint through a car wash. Even if you do not get dew-eyed about Cinderella stories—particularly ones with a 40-year-old Cinderella—there seemed no finer way to ring out a so-so year than by cheering the Steelers on to victory.

But after weeks of favoring her with bountiful blessings, the fairy godmother suddenly failed to touch Cinderella with her magic wand. Instead, she strung along with the inexorable Miami Dolphins, that acquisitive bunch of opportunists that she has been dating steadily. And so it is the Dolphins who will now meet Washington in the Super Bowl. They repeated as American Football Conference champions by hanging a 21-17 defeat on the Steelers in Pittsburgh's bedsheet-bedecked Three Rivers Stadium on Sunday.

It was Miami's 16th consecutive victory, and for all those sign-carrying zealots who witnessed the Steelers' first home defeat this season this was a greater cause for limiting New Year's Eve alcoholic euphoria in Pittsburgh than the W.C.T.U. could ever hope to dream up. It was also one fine game—a dandy little looking-glass war—which ultimately turned on Miami's extreme reluctance to lose and a few ill-timed Steeler mis-

takes. To the very end, it seemed that Pittsburgh might be able to employ the same kind of wicked lightning that it had used in the last seconds to execute the Oakland Raiders on Dec. 23. But Miami's well-publicized No-Name Defense precluded another miracle by twice intercepting Terry Bradshaw in the waning minutes of the game.

"The Dolphins have got a lot of talent and their defense is the toughest type to play against," Pittsburgh Center Ray Mansfield had said earlier in the week. "Against a defense that relies on a few great individuals, you'll get dropped for some big losses, but once in a while you can also break for a big gain. But those guys on Miami never get out of position, and you never break a big play against them. Of course, we're a lot like Miami. Both of us have disciplined defenses with just a few stars and everybody doing what he's supposed to do."

Mansfield's analysis turned out to be a generally accurate one, but Miami probably won the war because it also won the celebrated battle of stars between Larry Little, the Dolphin who may be the best offensive guard in the game, and Mean Joe Greene, the Steeler tackle who may be the best defensive lineman.

Greene is used to being double-teamed and, while he admits that the play once frustrated him, he has grown to understand that such personal concentration helps the team. "It's not important who makes the play, but just

that the play is made," he says. "I think that's the basic reason for our success—we're unselfish. And when anybody double-teams me, it's going to help someone else up front."

Little was so proficient, however, that he was able to handle Greene by himself, almost never requiring backup blocking support. Not once did the Steelers sack a Miami quarterback, and twice when the Dolphins drove to a first down in a fourth-and-short situation near the Pittsburgh goal they actually elected to run straight over Greene. Little, who explained that he had been "in a deep concentration bag" all week, understood the stakes of his man-to-man match. "I know if I don't do the job on him, we won't win the game," he had said. "If I do, we'll win. I have a lot of pride and I can't see myself getting beat."

This is certainly not to suggest that the awesome Greene was the man who cost the Steelers the game. Overall, if only occasionally, the Steelers showed the effects of a championship debut by suffering lapses of pose and concentration. In contrast, the Dolphins showed a penchant for the gamble—but with a cool head and steady hand. Miami was not afraid to risk fourth-down runs instead of playing it the usual dull NFL way and taking the easy field goal. "You have to go for the short ones if you want to be the champ," Coach Don Shula said.

The first Dolphin touchdown came

continued

Larry Seiple (20) turned game around when he faked punt and rebounded 37 yards to set up a touchdown pass to Larry Csonka (39). But Coach Shula was shocked by officials.





Grise came back to lead the comeback.

PRO CHAMPIONSHIPS continued

with Miami trailing 7-0 and stalled near midfield. Punter Larry Seiple looked up, saw no Pittsburgh rush, and decided to run. When he finally was stopped, he had gone 37 yards to the Steeler 12 and the Dolphins were on their way. "It wasn't in the play book, and I never thought of it until the situation opened up," Seiple said afterward. Two plays later, Earl Morrall tossed a nine-yard swing pass to Larry Cionka to tie the score.

Pittsburgh went back on top 10-7 and forced Shula to replace Morrall with Bob Griese in the second half. Griese got the Dolphins moving, but showed the effect of his long injury-induced layoff by throwing an interception to Pittsburgh Linebacker Jack Ham. Unfortunately for the Steelers, the play was nullified because End Dwight White had jumped offside. The drive restored, Jim Kiick ran behind Little on fourth down for a first down at the two. Two plays later, Kiick carried the last two yards for his first touchdowns and now Miami led, 14-10.

On this drive the Dolphins were able to do what Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll feared the most—use up great chunks of time. The Steelers checked Miami's offense for most of the unseasonably warm afternoon, but the two relentless ground-oriented marches, which both ended in Kiick touchdowns, consumed almost 15 minutes. Only once in the second half were the Steelers able to control the ball for a substantial stretch of time.

Ironically, Pittsburgh's fate may have

been sealed at the very culmination of its own impressive first-quarter touchdown drive. Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, who had spent much of the week before the game flu-struck in the hospital, steered the Steelers 48 yards, keeping every play on the ground. At the last he called his own number, and from the Miami three rolled out to the left. Just short of the goal line he was hit convincingly by Free Safety Jake Scott and the ball popped into the end zone, where Tackle Gerry Mullins loomed out of nowhere and fell on it for a Pittsburgh touchdown.

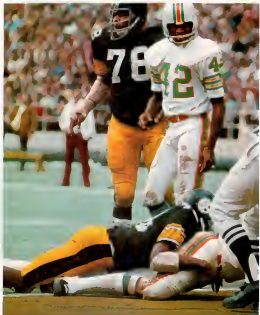
In view of the previous week's melodrama, when Bradshaw had beaten Oakland with a last-second desperation pass to Frenchy Fuqua that ended up as a riotous touchdown to Franco Harris—the Feast of the Immaculate Reception, Steeler Color Announcer Myron Cope has called it—the Dolphins could have been excused for wondering if all the angels in heaven were perched on the Steeler shoulder pads. Bradshaw himself was getting especially cozy with the mystical. "Even with the flu, it's been a good week for me," he said before the game.

"I got all my learning down and I'm throwing the ball well. I've been in high spirits all week. Before San Diego and Oakland and now again, I've had this feeling. It's kind of like ESP and it's that we can't lose."

As Mullins fell on Bradshaw's fumble, however, Bradshaw fell hard to the Tartan Turf. Still woozy with the flu, he was eventually required to stay on the bench for half the game. In his absence, Terry Hanratty, the old Notre Dame ace, was recalled from oblivion. While he did lead the team in one drive that ended with Roy Gerela's 14-yard field goal, the offense generally bogged down under Terry II. By the time Noll finally returned Bradshaw to action midway through the last quarter the Dolphins were on top 21-10.

At this point, in a piece of business that seemed to be lifted from some other era, Bradshaw—still in "tough pain"—promptly threw four straight, gorgeous completions for 71 yards and a touchdown, the score coming on a spectacular one-handed grab by Al Young. Outside of this brief stretch, the Steelers hardly completed a pass of conse-

The winning touchdown: as Paul Warfield (42) looks on benignly, Jim Kiick scores again.



quence in the whole game, but this mad burst brought them back to 24-17, and with more than five minutes left it seemed that members of Franco's Italian Army, Gerela's Gorillas, Russell's Raiders, Frenchy's Foreign Legion and all the other Steeler subgroups were to be served victory again. But the two interceptions—by Linebackers Nick Buoniconiti and Mike Koen—doused what ESP and miracle dust were still about.

The Dolphins' gutsy victory supplies further vindication for a team that has been beset by skeptics. While Miami has now won 16 in a row, the most any team ever won in one season and only one game short of the alltime streak (compiled over parts of two seasons), the Dolphins have been pooch-pooched for waiting through an easy schedule. Which they have. Which isn't their fault. The performance against Pittsburgh is something else again, though, for it demonstrates that the Dolphins can beat a good opponent when the schedule provides them with one.

The game also returned young Griese to the fore. He had missed virtually all of nine games with a serious ankle in-

jury, but came back with style when Shula decided to replace Morrill. Griese completed only three of five passes, but one was a clever look-in to Paul Warfield that went for 52 yards and led to the go-ahead Miami touchdown. In counterpoint, the game was something of a disappointment for Pittsburgh's brilliant rookie of the year, Franco Harris, who dropped a pass and failed to ignite a big play as he had in previous games. But Harris and Mercury Morris (*see cover*) of the Dolphins each ran for 76 yards to tie for rushing honors.

Perhaps an omen of Harris' misfortune came the day before the game when his flag-waving army—having recently commissioned Arnold Palmer and Frank Sinatra—decided to go airborne with a bombing raid on the William Penn Hotel, where the Dolphins were domiciled. A press release stated that "a light aircraft, carrying two of the army's crack officers, dropped 2,000 leaflets on the hotel," urging surrender. "This leaflet will guarantee safe passage out of town to any member of the Miami Dolphins," the leaflet read, "if presented to a member of Franco's Italian Army. Surrender now and enjoy life with your loved ones rather than face destruction on the field of battle at Three Rivers Stadium."

The propaganda value of this blitz was considerably muted when pilot er-

ror or a pernicious wind carried 1,999 of the 2,000 leaflets past the William Penn and on to McKeesport or Abingpa or somewhere. Nor is there any record of the one leaflet which found the hotel target ever reaching Dolphin hands.

Miami did find some delightful Miami weather in Pennsylvania, however. Pittsburgh, which hardly qualifies as a tropical oasis, favored the Dolphins with temperatures in the 60s, and instead of the rain that was forecast there were only clouds and even occasional sunshine.

Shula and some other members of the Dolphin traveling party wore hand-painted neckties that featured a dolphin leaping over goal posts. These ties were the handwork of little Gary Yepseman, the bald-headed field-goal kicker from Cyprus who stands 5'8" and weighs 175. Kicking and painting neckties is the safe kind of work for 5'8" Cypriots. Nevertheless, on a kickoff in the third quarter, when it appeared that Preston Pearson might break away on the runback, Yepseman hedged right into the violent rack near the sideline and managed to discombobulate Pearson enough so that he ended up being "tackled" by an onrushing teammate.

It's tough for armies and Cinderellas alike to win against odds like that.

'WHEN YOU'RE AS OLD AS A LOT OF US, YOU LEARN THE SHORTCUTS'

by TEX MAULE

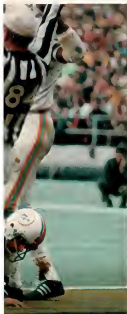
After Washington defeated Green Bay on Christmas Eve to gain the finals of the National Football Conference championship, Coach George Allen declared, "We played a perfect game." Allen is not the kind of man who lets himself be overstated when it comes to his team, but after Sunday's 26-3 thumping of Dallas it can only be said that the Redskins played a more perfect game.

To reach the Super Bowl in Los Angeles—where Allen was dismissed as coach of the Rams two years ago—the Redskins not only had to beat back the flu, which weakened several players, but a Dallas team that had spent the week of preparation firing itself up with hatred for their opponents. The game itself was not, in fact, as charged as some

of the rhetoric that allegedly came out of the two camps. Once the action began the issue was much more one-sided, and for a while the only real suspense was how long Washington could dominate the action without managing to score. When the Redskins finally did break the ice—and even then it was just a field goal—the game was already well into the second quarter; as for the defending champions, they had managed only six plays—and no first downs.

Midway through the second quarter, Washington still led only 3-0, with a third-and-10 on its 28. Billy Kilmer had just thrown incomplete to Charley Taylor. But when Taylor appeared to run the same sideline pattern again, one evidently designed just to gain enough for

continued



the first down, he gave Connerback Charlie Waters a minimal fake to the outside about 10 yards past the line of scrimmage and then cut back in and ran away. With an abundance of time to read the pattern Kilmer was able to fling a perfect pass, one that carried into Taylor's outstretched arms, a step past the desperate Waters.

Waters brought Taylor down at the Dallas 21, but two plays later, on third and four, Taylor went to work on him again. This time Taylor cut to the inside and got position on Waters. Once more, Kilmer had the security of an impenetrable pocket, and he laced the ball perfectly to the inside just out of Waters' reach. Taylor stopped slightly to grab the ball in the end zone on the dead run to make the score 10-0. As it turned out, everything that followed was academic.

In the six playoff games so far, the only two lopsided scores have involved the Redskins, but it could not have been expected that Washington would have an even easier time with Dallas than it had with Green Bay. Against the Packers the week before, because he was aware that Scott Hunter, the young Green Bay quarterback, was not a particularly accurate passer, Allen was able to use a five-man line much of the time to shut off the run. Against the Cowboys Allen could afford no such luxury, no matter which quarterback Tom Landry chose—Roger Staubach or Craig Morton. Both are too proficient and Landry occasionally stacked the deck by employing four wide receivers at the same time. Lance Alworth, Ron Sellers, Bob Hayes and Billy Parks. But this ruse worked no better than anything else Dallas tried on this dismal afternoon.

The Redskins' geriatric machine purred smoothly all along. Larry Brown never did break away for a long run but he carried the ball 30 times for 88 yards. Taylor caught seven passes for 146 yards and two touchdowns, and Curt Knight, the Redskin placekicker, hit four of four field goal attempts from 18, 39, 46 and 45 yards out. Knight has been something of a playoff wonder. In the regular season he made only 14 of 30 field goal attempts and his kicking was so spotty that the Washington fans began cheering him when he succeeded on simple conversions. But against Green Bay, he made three for three, which tied the playoff record he promptly broke

against the Cowboys. "Allen talked to me about four weeks ago," said Knight after the game. "He told me to stop worrying about the blocking and the snap and the hold and just kick." When the coach was asked moments later whether he had ever considered looking for another placekicker, Allen replied, "He is the most talented one I've ever had. He just had to take a look at himself. The worst thing you can do when a guy is down is pound on him."

Still, the one hero who loomed above all the others must be Billy Kilmer, who enjoyed what he described as "my most gratifying game." Kilmer received some notoriety years ago when he was a star of the shotgun formation at San Francisco—an offensive set that produced more attention than results—but he was so little acclaimed generally that Allen, in one of his first moves after coming to Washington, picked him up from New Orleans for some middling draft choices and a reserve linebacker.

Kilmer has never been praised for throwing impeccable passes. Indeed, not so long ago when someone commented on the shot-duck aspect of a number of his throws, he grinned amiably and replied: "I guess I'm the No. 1 wobbly passer in the National Football League."

Against the Cowboys, Kilmer was unqualifiedly No. 1, his performance conjuring up memories of Sammy Baugh, who was the last Washington quarterback—in 1945—to lead the team into a championship game.

Kilmer was given extraordinary protection by his line, a feat made all the more impressive since Tackle Terry Hermeling and Guard Paul Laaevig were two of the team's ill victims, and Guard John Wilbur was suffering from a kidney ailment. As it was, though, the line seemed to gain strength as the game wore on. Kilmer threw 18 times, and if some of his passes wobbled 14 of them reached the receivers and not a one came close to being intercepted. Although Kilmer's forte is supposed to be throwing short, twice he stunned the Cowboys with long passes to Taylor. The second one, which went for the touchdown that made the score 17-3, traveled a good 50 yards in the air.

One of Kilmer's blockers on this play was Ray Schoenke—one of half a dozen former Cowboys on the Redskins—who took over for Hermeling after the latter left the game with strained lig-

aments in his knee. "Allen doesn't motivate through emotion," said Schoenke, neatly punctuating one of the game's great myths. "He doesn't fire you up with pep talks. His approach is to go over everything so thoroughly that you know it backward and forward. The emotion comes from within, from personal pride. On a blackboard Tom Landry's teams would always win, but the human element is hard for him to deal with. He tells a man exactly what to do but he forgets what motivates a man to do it. With robots he'd be undefeated."

No robot, Kilmer calls virtually all of his own plays, which he did for the ones that worked for long yardage against Dallas. The two touchdown passes to Taylor came against a coverage that Kilmer refers to as "The Ax." In this set-up, the linebacker tries to cut down a wide receiver to take some of the burden off the cornerback. Chuck Howley, the veteran outside linebacker, is especially capable at this maneuver but he was injured in the last Redskins game three weeks previous, and his replacement, D.D. Lewis, is not so well versed in the art.

"On the first touchdown to Charley," Kilmer said, "Lewis was head up on him, but when Charley got by, then Waters had to take him man-to-man." On the longer score, The Ax failed again and Taylor then got away from Mark Washington, who had come in as a substitute for Waters after the latter broke his arm.

The Redskins defense, as a unit, performed as well as Kilmer and Taylor did as individuals, and some of the defenders were pleasantly surprised that Landry chose Staubach instead of Morton. Diron Talbert, the defensive tackle whom Allen brought over from the Rams shortly after he himself made the same move, said, "Staubach has trouble finding his second and third receivers when his primary receiver is covered. Under pressure, instead of looking, he has a tendency to take off, and no quarterback is ever going to beat you running."

Linebacker Jack Pardee offered another observation. "I don't think it was fair to Staubach to start him in this game. Morton had played all but a couple of quarters of the games during the season, and just because Roger came in and saved them last week against San Francisco it was asking too much of him to come in with as little re-

cent game experience as he has had."

One of the reasons why Staubach could not do the job was the slashing pass rush of the Redskin line, which time and again broke down his protection. One of the virtues supposedly inherent in using a quarterback who can run as well as pass is that the defensive line must hesitate for a moment and play more cautiously to protect against a potential run. If there was any hesitation to the Washington rush it certainly was not readily apparent. Roger was dumped three times for 23 yards in losses, and while he did make 59 yards the five times that he ran with the ball those statistics are something of an embarrassment. Calvin Hill and Walt Garrison, the two Cowboy running backs, made only a combined total of 37 yards on 16 carries. Staubach was Dallas' leading ballcarrier.

The complicated, multi-pronged Dallas attack did not confuse the Redskins. "We made fewer adjustments today than we have all year," said Pardee, "primarily because the Cowboys do so much shifting that if you try to keep up with them you just make mistakes. We simply decided that they do enough shifting for both teams. So we didn't follow their shifts."

"When you're as old as a lot of us are," said 33-year-old Defensive End Ron McDole, "you learn a lot of shortcuts. You take a young lineman. One of the mistakes he'll make is to follow a runner sweeping to the opposite side. No defensive lineman is going to catch a running back going away from him. What you have to do is to go where he is trying to get."

Finally, when the Redskins were through with all their post-game public praying and hip-hip-hooraying, George Allen relaxed for a moment. Someone asked him what he was going to do by way of celebration for this victory. Allen usually answers such a question by saying that he will sit down and enjoy a big bowl of ice cream, but this time he changed his call at the line of scrimmage.

"I'm going to go to the Shoreham," he said, "and we're going to have an old bottle of Pol Roger champagne."

"How old?"

"I don't know how old," Allen said, and then he paused for a moment and smiled. "An over-the-hill bottle," he decided.

END



Billy Kilmer, who played his "most gratifying game," exalts as Curt Knight hosts another.



NO DOUBT ABOUT WHO'S CHAMP

Nebraska looked awesome, Oklahoma won in spite of itself and Texas was heroic, but the national title belongs to the undefeated USC Trojans, who overpowered Ohio State in the Rose Bowl **by DAN JENKINS**

Anthony (or A.D. or Tony) Davis, on his knees in the end zone, still looked like somebody winning a jitterbug contest in a 1943 Stage Door Canteen. Which means that he had just scored for USC in the Rose Bowl and that the Trojans were having the kind of fun day against Ohio State that reflects the difference between the currently sad Big Ten and the brash, bruising Pacific Eight. When all the bowls were finally over, the question was not whether USC was still No. 1 but who might be No. 4, because surely these talented, flashy types of John McKay were No. 2 and No. 3 as well. Right? Next case.

For a while out there in Pasadena it seemed as if the Trojans had taken McKay too seriously when he told them that they were the national champions regardless of what happened against

Woody Hayes. In the first half they lolled around and got themselves outblocked and outtackled and tiedscored, 7-7. But then came a new half and an old Trojan team, the one that had buried 11 straight opponents. Davis kept wiggling through holes that weren't always there, gaining his 157 yards, and Mike Rae kept throwing to a Lynn Swann that the Buckeyes never did find, and to Charles Young, who might be the best tight end ever; and Sam Cunningham kept high-jumping for a record four touchdowns, and all of a sudden, even before the third quarter was over, the Rose Bowl was no longer a football game, only a telecast.

This was the one that mattered the most, since it settled the debate over a national champion, but after that close first half, it turned out to be as one-

sided as two of the other big bowls—the Sugar and Orange—played last weekend. Only the Cotton had real drama.

Before McKay got around to winning his third national title, Oklahoma on Sunday night in New Orleans had won a battle with itself and whipped Penn State, and on Monday afternoon a most surprising Texas team had stung Alabama in one of the best Cotton Bowls ever. Eventually, the whole hangover weekend concluded with the Orange Bowl on Monday night, where Nebraska did just about anything it wanted to do with Notre Dame, a bit of a surprise in itself. Johnny Rodgers even came up with a new kind of miracle by throwing a 52-yard touchdown pass. Threw it. Didn't catch it, like usual. Took a lateral and threw it.

Very few collegiate football teams have



Up, over and in goes the USC cannonball. Sam Cunningham, for the first of his four TDs.

Oklahoma had muddled through against Penn State, finishing up with an 11-1 record and visions of claiming any No. 1's available if USC lost. Oklahoma, however, had not actually looked that good.

For some reason Penn State has a knack of bringing out the worst in good teams. Maybe it's because the Nittany Lions do not command enough respect, being from the East and all. Whatever the reason, Joe Paterno's bowl opponents seem to show up looking as if they had food poisoning and Oklahoma was no different in that New Year's Eve Sugar Bowl affair.

Oklahoma did its usual thing of losing five fumbles, but this time the Sooners were a trifle more inventive. They lost two of them inside Penn State's two-yard line, boners that helped hold the score down to 14-0.

As expected, Penn State saw a different Wishbone from the one the Lions supposedly solved last year in the Cotton Bowl against Texas. The Sooners ran and passed for more than 450 yards and seemed always to be headed for a touchdown that would end any suspense about the outcome. Oklahoma's defense, led by Lucious Selmon and Ray Hamilton, rarely gave the Easterners anything worthwhile, even a first down. Against the Sooners' quickness and size, Penn State's celebrated quarterback, John Hufnagel, was not quite the operator he was against all the Armies and Marylands who made him an All-American.

And for that matter, Greg Pruitt did not look much better. Pruitt fumbled almost every chance he got, and the Oklahoma offensive star turned out to be 17-year-old Tinker Owens, a freshman pass receiver who looks as if he could fit in the hip pocket of his older brother, Steve Owens of the Detroit Lions. Tinker caught a 27-yard touchdown pass and made a diving scoop of another ball that set up the second OU touchdown.

But even without the Pruitt of better days, Oklahoma was an overwhelmingly superior team and it was the Sooners' own ruggedness that made the game interesting—and the score deceptively close. As Joe Paterno said afterward, "They were the best team we've played since Michigan State in 1966."

It was a good holiday for Wishbones

all around. Texas, staying with the offense that Alabama deserved at times, summoned up an inspired effort to upset the Crimson Tide in Dallas. Trailing by 10-0 in the first quarter, Darrell Royal's Longhorns, a team that kept improving all year, took charge of the scrimmage line in the second half and proved to be a better ball club in the best-played bowl game of all.

Much of the way the teams appeared to be remarkably even, with Alabama's Terry Davis giving Bear Bryant a slight edge in quarterbacking over Texas' Alan Lowry. Lowry threw the two early interceptions that put Alabama in front by what seemed like a safe margin. But then it was Lowry, with a little help from his slamming fullback, Roosevelt Leaks, and a lot of help from Royal's fine offensive line, that won the game.

With some pure Wishboning, Lowry constantly took Texas into Alabama territory but the Longhorns kept coming away with no points. Finally, however, when it was 13-10 Alabama with about 7½ minutes left to play, Lowry calmly

continued

Swirling from side to side goes A.D. Davis.



ever swept through their schedule the way USC did, with hardly a bead of sweat beyond the third quarter. McKay simply had too many weapons for the Buckeyes. When Ohio State slowed down the running game, Mike Rae hit the passes. And thus in turn opened it up for A.D., the artful dodger. It was Davis' sneaky 20-yard touchdown run in the third quarter, when he swerved, broke two tackles and then high-stepped into the end zone, that put the game away. That is when he went into his end-zone act. Crawling and jiving on his knees, arms upraised, teeth flashing. Well, he's only a sophomore.

Davis did not play much the last quarter when the Trojans were making it 42-17. It was probably because McKay wanted to make a hero of Sam Cunningham, whose four high-soaring touchdowns set a Rose Bowl record.

Said McKay, "I owe Sam something. He was a great runner but I made him a blocker for three years. He's the best runner I ever ruined."

No doubt the Oklahoma Sooners were pretty happy watching the Trojans struggle during the first half of the Rose Bowl.

passed and ran Texas 80 yards to the winning touchdown.

Lowry, who had been a defensive halfback for two seasons (but before that a high school quarterback), hit two crucial passes under pressure and then skittered 34 yards for the touchdown that gave Royal his third victory over Bryant—against no defeats and one tie—when in each case Royal's team has been the underdog. On the run, Lowry faked beautifully to Leaks and then went to his left. He turned the corner. And then he just danced down the sideline and scored. He may or may not have stepped out-of-bounds on the way, but if he did and the officials blew it, then perhaps it was retribution for Texas being denied a first down that Leaks obviously made on an earlier drive that failed. The breaks were even all around, and what the contest probably proved was that Alabama was never quite as good as advertised, and Texas, having finished with a 10-1 record, never quite as bad.

As it turned out, the best of all possible arrangements would have been Nebraska against USC, since the Cornhuskers, playing it for the retiring Bob Devaney, went out and resembled the great team they were on most Saturdays. They made Notre Dame look like displaced persons masquerading in uniforms of the Fighting Irish, and that is not an easy thing to do. In fact, Nebraska handled Notre Dame more easily (40-6) than USC did when Anthony (or A.D. or Tony) Davis scored six times and wore out the knees of his pants. It was 40-0 halfway through the third quarter, the most embarrassed a Notre Dame team under Ara Parseghian had ever been. At this point Johnny Rodgers had very nearly equaled Anthony Davis' marvels. Closing out a superb career, Rodgers had scored three times from scrimmage and whirled himself 50 yards for another touchdown with a sideline pass, thus setting an Orange Bowl scoring record. All this and the touchdown pass he threw, which caught Notre Dame looking like New Year's Eve celebrants when the balloons started popping.

It is too bad Johnny Rodgers and Anthony Davis could never meet, but it is nice that Davis is going to be around now that Johnny has gone.

Alan Lowry of Texas strains for the Alabama goal line (above), while Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers shows how he drove the Irish wild.



AS FOR THE DROLL BOWL AND ALL THOSE OTHER CLASSICS

Hey," the city would go up across the land at almost any hour of the afternoon or night during the last two weeks of December. "Let's turn on the TV. Maybe we can catch another post-season classic."

And, sure enough, the set would spring to life and there would be two great—or at least tied-up—college football teams going after one another, with turn-overs galore and Eddie Doucette saying, "That was almost awesome, Lindsey Nelson." Or Jack Drees saying, "And believe me, that's unbelievable." Or Doucette again, saying, "This is one of those games where both coaches are such great personalities that you'd like to see both of them win. Unfortunately it doesn't always work out that way."

The Peach, pitting the Wolfpack and the Mountaineers. The Fiesta, in which the Sun Devils burned out the Tigers. The Gator, the Sun, the Liberty, the Astro Bluebonnet. And others that were not even on television but were taking place somewhere just the same, whispering low their seductive names: Camellia, Tangerine.

Call them semi-classics. Or off-bowls, or near-bowls, or saucers. They make up that vast, expanding gray stretch of extravaganzas that falls annually between the mass of regular-season games and the big-four cluster of honest-to-God time-honored bowls, which are hard enough, themselves, to keep straight in your mind when you wake up on Jan. 2.

"On Dec. 30," says J.S. of New York (or any city with more than two channels). "I did my best. I watched the Sun in its entirety and then the Gator with quick flashes of the East-West Shrine. All this with a fuzzy overlay of Peach from the night before. Then I took an hour off. Went to a holiday open house at the home of a friend. Had a couple of drinks. Went back to the bedroom to get my coat. My friend's TV set was on and the Astro Bluebonnet coin toss was under way. The referee was signaling that LSU was to receive. His arm movements were being aped by . . . a tiger. A person in a tiger suit, standing right there next to the LSU co-captains. I think it was a tiger. It may

have been a bear. A Big Orange. Some being out of Astronworld. A Golden Buffalo. A Yellow Jacket. Miss Best Western Motels. It might have been anything. Everything ran together. I fancied I saw a tremendous alligator swallowing the sun, with majorettes and members of the Air Force Reserve presenting themselves, to thunderous music, on the great reptile's back. I . . . I don't know. My head swam. It wasn't even New Year's Eve yet, and all the major bowls still lay before me. It was too much for one fan to handle."

It could be, then, that the bowl picture has spread itself too thin. Certainly the off-bowls this year entailed so many other-than-household names that the announcers kept getting them wrong: "You know," said Irv Cross. "I've been sitting here all day calling [Texas Tech Starting Quarterback] Joe Barnes Joe Burns." Doucette once referred to a back named Hooks, who had a bad ankle, as Ankle.

It is self-evident, further, that no nation's viewers should be confronted with endless halftime sessions of off-bowl officials receiving congratulations ("You've got a great spectacle, George"). It is true that two teams (Iowa State, Missouri) emerged from off-bowls with, respectively, 5-6-1 and 6-6 season records.

It also is true that no bowl in which one running back (Woody Green, Arizona State) gains 202 yards on the ground and another (Brent McClanahan) on the same team gains 171 can be taken too seriously although the opponent was Missouri, a respected Big Eight team.

On the other hand, it must be said that this year's off-bowls produced a lot of rousing football. The Liberty, in which fill-in Quarterback Jim Stevens led Georgia Tech to a 31-30 squeaker over Iowa State (whose head coach, Johnny Majors, had already accepted a job elsewhere—was as full of improbable twists as the two teams' in-and-out regular seasons had been. And outside the stadium there were NAACP pickets protesting the suspension of first-string Tech Quarterback Eddie McAshan. And at halftime there was a depiction of the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack—life-size models of the two great

ironclads scurrying about on scores of little feet.

The Sun Bowl—North Carolina 32, Texas Tech 28—also went tortuously down to the wire. In the Peach, North Carolina State, starring the freshman Buckeye twins, showed a refreshing disdain of the field goal and punt and an almost unseemly zest for touchdowns, swamping West Virginia 49-13 and passing like crazy on into the closing seconds. The Astro Bluebonnet presented the effervescent Condredge Holloway (once, improvising, he pitched back to his tight end) leading Tennessee to a 24-3 halftime lead, and LSU so far from dismayed it did your heart good turning the tables in the second half for a 24-17 finish that came very close to being much closer than that. Never has there been such hugging and ecstatic jumping around among defenders on both sides as there was in that off-bowl, and Auburn was almost as high spirited while upsetting Colorado 24-3 in the Gator.

Furthermore, on-the-field action aside, who would have missed the sight of Georgia Lieut. Governor Lester Maddox riding in apparent terror atop a world-champion-caliber walking horse at halftime in the Peach? Who can forget the sudden video-portion manifestation—right amidst the Gator action—of a phalanx of wildly different-sized youths in civilian clothes? Where did they come from? They stepped forward, two by two, as though for introductions, and after a moment Bill Flemming commented: "I am at a loss to tell you what that is."

Oh, what the heck. Maybe such moments make it all worthwhile. Maybe the only way to go is onward, and there should be not fewer bowls but more. A Groul Bowl, pitting the nation's two best teams from among all the Tigers and Bulldogs and Nitany Lions and the like. A Jowl Bowl, for those whose coaches have reached a certain age and weight. A Soul Bowl, for church-affiliated powers. (There is already a Pelican Bowl whose winner claims the national black-colleges championship, Grambling won this year, beating North Carolina Central 56-6.) A Hole Bowl, for colleges located in terrible towns. A Foll Bowl, Parole Bowl, Bull Bowl, I got Bowl, Self-Control Bowl, State Patrol Bowl, Jelly Roll Bowl.

What do you mean, almost awesome, Eddie Doucette?

—ROY BOHNS JR.

WHOOING IT UP IN ENDIN COUNTRY

What you might call the Good Ol' Down Home Christmas 'n New Years Folksy All-College 'n University Holiday Classic Festival 'n Yuletide Funnin' Jamboree Time Tournament wound itself up and down and around and into all manner of sideways curlicues last week in a courageous attempt to answer some of college basketball's puzzling questions. Such as, what is the matter with Florida State? What isn't the matter with Long Beach State? Can a 6'11" Yugoslav get away with wearing a cowboy hat? And does Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons really mean it when he says, "This tournament goes lak 'iss. Ah sneak mah Endins past 'em in the first round, throw a referee hose job on 'em in the sem-eyes and get somebody shot in the finals. 'Iss over, simple, we win."

In truth, the Chiefs have won the All-College Tournament there in hometown Oklahoma City only five times (they finished fourth this year) and, since it is the oldest of any tournament going, that isn't saying much. But then nobody has ever accused Lemons of not saying enough, either. In fact, it is simply because he is the funniest man in the whole sport, because his team is one of the wildest and woolliest and because a flock of red-blazered tournament directors evoke warmth and cordiality the moment a visitor steps off the plane, that the All-College has become such a desirable place for basketball teams to be during the holiday season.

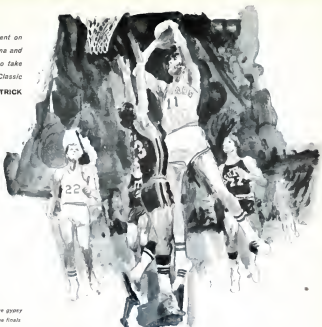
Last week it was also a dangerous place for any team wishing to retain its collective sanity and some semblance of a national ranking. Yet, after a rash of nonupsets and despite some of the most questionable officiating this side of Munich, on Saturday night Long Beach and Brigham Young found themselves in the same position they assumed last March in the opening round of the NCAA play-offs—tiring away at each other with something important at stake. For all its lofty expectations, however, the confrontation became only one more in a three-year series of showcases for Long Beach's 6'6" Ed Ratleff. Just as he seems to do in all the big ones, the smooth se-



Best of all was Long Beach's Ed Ratleff, sharpshooter of the tournament's sharpest tuss.

Long Beach State's 49ers went on the warpath down in Oklahoma and scalped everybody in sight to take Abe's folksy Ol' Down Home Classic

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

Kraslmer Cozic, the Yugoslav with the gypsy moves, moved Brigham Young into the finals

nior from Columbus, Ohio took matters into his own hands early on, whipping the running game into gear and shooting in 26 points during the first half—including a 35-footer at the buzzer—is the 49ers opened up their guns for a 63-42 lead.

After that the 49ers became cautious and lost their momentum, but they still had enough to win easily, 101-89—an especially impressive victory considering it was their fourth tournament championship in December, their seventh game in 12 days and their eighth victory on the road.

In short, Long Beach, a notoriously slow-starting team, is now 11-0, playing (believe it or not) man-to-man defense, and winning the way the 49ers usually do at the end of the season, not the beginning. They are also, as one scout noted, "a bunch of high-strung, volatile beings," who, nevertheless, buried their differences on the bench long enough last week to emerge from the holidays as contenders for the national title.

Many of these strange items common-

ly referred to as holiday classics are not worth their weight in crushed candy canes. What happens is a vain coach invites three squirrels to his own classic, drinks an eggnog, lights up the scoreboard and, in the end, proclaims that he and the boys have a "tournament championship under our belts now." What he actually has done is unwrapped his own Christmas present to himself.

Only in a few remaining eight-team tournaments that pop up annually does the genuine spirit and atmosphere of a highly competitive field still exist. And even they are vastly different from each other. There are the big city extravaganzas in New York and Philadelphia, where a team goes for prestige and "press" and where their coach can get himself seen with Red Auerbach, or somebody, the Big Eight in Kansas City, where an entire league is on display in a broken down mausoleum of an arena; the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu, where everybody gets sunburn, develops paralysis and pineapples from Mr. Ah Chew Goo; and the Far West Classic in

Portland, out of which nobody hears the scores until February, but which might be the best organized of them all.

But the All-College has a special country flavor that is all its own. It began as a benefit for something called the "milk and ice fund," with 16 teams playing in a couple of high school gyms around town. It went to 22 teams, then to 32 with almost 450 players competing, sometimes in games that were played out of town in Comanche. Despite such haphazard arrangements, the tournament has had its moments. In 1954 it introduced San Francisco and Bill Russell to the big time. Its beauty queens haven't done badly either. One of them, Jane Anne Jayroe, became Miss America.

Notwithstanding the lack of large crowds (the tournament this year moved into a beautiful new 15,000-seat downtown auditorium called the Myriad, and drew an average of 6,432 for the four night sessions), the All-College remains a kind of success and, especially, home-ey. All seven visiting teams stayed to-

continued

gether in the same hotel. They were squared around town, to the Petroleum Club and the Cowboy Hall of Fame. There was a nice luncheon with lovely young things decorating the dais, there were meetings in the coffee shop of players who had not seen each other since high school. And there were what seemed like 24-hour talk sessions in smoke-filled rooms where competing coaches milled in private to attack zone defenses, the NCAA and room service.

Above all, there was Abe Lemons. Not only does Lemons try to lull everybody into playing his run-and-gun-it-damn-it game on the court, but he inspires opposing coaches to the height of affability off of it.

"Abe is something else," said Dick Conover, whose St. Francis of Loretto (Pa.) team is young and without hope. "We just want to get into the afternoon bracket so we can make the parties at night."

Lemons himself is never outdone. Part Choctaw Indian and an eighth-grade non-predictor, he picked up enough smarts and paleface one-liners to endear himself to Madison Avenue forever. He has had several NCAA tournament teams and a couple of NIT appearances, always achieving humorous mileage out of the Indians ("Endins") on his team and its defensive shortcomings. Once, at half time in New York after a particularly woeful performance, he scrambled free Chiefs against each other. "Couldn't even win the scrimmage," he said. Lemons speaks of his "sueve defense—because it leaks like one" and he remembers "not to puff mah see-gar around mah Endins. Ah might be cussin' in smoke signals."

Tournament speculation centered on unbeaten Long Beach and the marvelous Ed Ratliff, a mysterious crew from Florida State that had lost twice, and Kresimir Cosic of Brigham Young, the tall foreigner with the gypsy moves. But Lemons was lying low with his normal interesting cast chock full of characters. There were Ozie Edwards and

Marvan Rich, two 6'4" forwards who fire bow-and-arrow style from over the ball in the true OCU mold; quisk Mike Tosee, a mustached Kiowa-Apache ("Mah weird Endin who don't talk," Lemons calls him. "Ever see an Endin with a mustache?"); and transfer Herb Galkey, who has made a comeback from open heart surgery. "We're 7-1," said Lemons. "Ah wish we was a football team. We'd be in a damn bowl."

Unfortunately, the first round was marred by referees whose incompetence included awards of two free throws to



Chiefs Coach Abe Lemons runs the Classic and does the talking

players who were fouled while passing, permission to the wrong men to shoot free throws and a strange penchant for technicals. There were 10 called in the first round. Jerry Tarkenton receiving the first two he has had at Long Beach. After one official, crewcut Jack Savidge of the Missouri Valley Conference, fouled out every big man except one in the two games he worked, Lemons had had enough. "I'm always scared of burrheads," he said. "I ain't even had this jewel yet and I hate him. We gettin' rid of him." The other coaches agreed.

Savidge singlehandedly turned the Brigham Young-Texas A&M game into a fiasco. Belmont Anderson's jump shot pulled it out for the Cougars 83-81, but not before Cosic and Aggie sophomore

Cedric Joseph, who had kept his team in the contest, were whistled out. "I tryin' running away from fouls from this ref," moaned Cosic, who incurred two technicals. "He seem like counting to get me out whole time."

Florida State's Hugh Durham meanwhile was counting on the All-Centre to iron out some problems. Though Center Lawrence McCray is much improved, the Seminoles do not have the same scratch pressure defense that served them so well last season: they have had trouble meshing the talents of erratic Benny

Clyde into the offense, and then, suddenly, the week before last they lost the heart, guts, and outside threat of the team, Ron King, with a dislocated ankle.

"Ron may be out for the season," said little Otto Petty. "and we're not the same. Our new dudes just have to learn the old stuff."

In contrast, everything has been going well for Long Beach. "We're running better, playing defense better and beating people better," Tarkenton said. The 49ers seem quicker, snarlier and far deeper than last year, and while Ratliff has lent his usual domination, the arrival of little-known Roscoe Pondexter, a powerful 6'6" sixth man who averages 14 points, has been an important factor. Another JC transfer, Guard Rick Aber-

egg, has contributed enough passing skills for Tarkenton to exploit a running game and free Ratliff for some ball-handling chores.

All of this seemed to no avail against Lemons' hustling Chiefs in the first half of their semifinal game. While Long Beach strayed from its familiar zone to play man-for-man, OCU's Edwards and Rich plugged away outside from ABA 3-point territory for 17 and 15 points respectively and Oklahoma City shot 59 percent to lead 49-45 at the half.

Tosee, the little Redskin, was deft in backcourt and with the 49er tall men in foul difficulty, Tarkenton looked ready to circle his wagons. Then Ratliff began making his wondrous plays to take back control. His defense held Edwards

continued

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to one basket the rest of the way and Long Beach went ahead by six points. But OCU began chipping away and, due to some surprising work inside by Larry Tribble ("He's just some ugly stranger to me," said Lemons. "Gah never comes to practice"), the Chiefs led 78-74 with about a minute remaining.

It was here that both the weakness and the raw power of Long Beach showed most dramatically. Twice down the stretch the 49ers missed from outside and both times 240-pound Leonard Gray went over several bodies to tap the ball in. Now, with the score tied, the tom-toms beating and five seconds to go, the 49ers' Abernethy stole the dribble from Rich at midcourt and was fouled as he went racing into the basket. He hadn't missed a free throw all year and he didn't miss these. Long Beach won 80-78.

Just prior to the other semifinal, both Brigham Young Coach Glenn Potter and Florida State's Durham were down-

hearted to see Referee Savidge. It seemed clear that their game would come down to whichever team's big men lasted the longest, and that is what happened. Florida State's McCray (who played just seven minutes) and Reggie Royals both fouled out; BYU's Cosic and a muscular Finn named Kalevi Sarkkilahti stayed in the game and Brigham Young won 80-77, despite being out cored from the field by six baskets. His Seminoles having taken only three free throws during the entire contest, Durham huddled after the referees in a fury and looked ready for a punch-out. "These guys should pay this tournament for being allowed to work the big time," he said. "We played as well as we can. How can you tell who the best team is when these butchers don't let you play."

It was easy to tell the next evening after Long Beach battered Brigham Young in the finals. The Cougars are a smart, well-balanced unit—maybe the very last of the Fine White Teams—but

they couldn't cope defensively when the 49ers threw their devastating fast break down the floor in that first half.

BYU had played a box-and-one on Ratleff last season and held him down somewhat in an overtime loss. This time Brian Ambrovich started against him head-up and contained the Long Beach star for the first eight minutes while Brigham Young stayed with the 49ers. But then the Cougar defense fell apart: Ratleff scored 13 of the next 16 Long Beach points and finished the evening with 34.

The outcome was no surprise to Lemons who, as always, had the last word. "How Brigham Young 'spect to win anything?" he said. "All's they got is a bunch of Mormons, farmers and Communists. Now Long Beach—they big, they mean and they had. But know what they's missin'?"

Nobody needed to answer that. What Long Beach was missing was one good Endin.

END

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Last August, while an audience of millions watched the Munich Games, a native of Syracuse, Sicily named Enzo Maiorca attracted only a handful of friends and a dozen local tourists as he broke the world record for an event few people have heard of in recent years outside the Mediterranean. He took a deep breath and went down into the sea 78 meters and back, a journey roughly the length of 1½ football fields.

The event is equal in sporting quality to many competitions offered on the Olympic menu, yet Maiorca is an obscure champion outside of his country. And even at home, because he breaks the record practically every year, the newspapers comment on Maiorca's exploits with the routine enthusiasm they give the first snowfall on Mt. Etna.

By today's standards, early records for diving in apnea, as not breathing is called, were made in surprisingly shallow water. Twenty years ago, Ramondo Bucher's dive to 39 meters was acclaimed as an astonishing feat of human endurance. Except for Maiorca and another human fish from Marseilles named Jacques Mayol, the men who pushed the world mark into the 60-meter range have all retired, and even Mayol talks more records than he breaks these days—possibly he is trying to build up confidence for a much-promised shot at 100 meters.

No one questions the possibility of Mayol getting 100 meters underwater. The problem will be returning to the surface afterward. Both men can hold their breath for close to five minutes as long as they are not doing anything, plenty of time for a 200-meter round trip lying inert in a basket attached to a pulley. But the slightest mental or physical effort eats into the air savings they pack into their seven-liter lungs (the average athlete's lungs have a volume of something over four liters). Maiorca was two minutes and 25 seconds underwater breaking the record in August—at that, he was 10 seconds overdue because something went wrong—and when he bobbed up he had a magenta complexion, giving his friends a bad moment.

Italians admire the human form too much to risk permanently damaging themselves for the dubious glory of amateur sport, which is one reason Maiorca

A BREATHLESS PLUNGE TO GRAB A HANKY



Never sure which test might prove to be his last, Enzo Maiorca, a diving wonder at 41, fills his lungs once more and risks a record descent.

by DONALD STEWART

ca has only his own record to break every year. Another reason for the lack of competition is the time and dedication it would cost a young Mediterranean to extend his range from, say, 30 meters, the depth a better-than-average modern skin diver will attain in search of a fish, to present record figures. When Maiorca relaxes before a dive, slumped on the edge of his boat, he looks as if he has inhaled a footlocker. He spent 25 years developing those lungs. At 41, an age when most athletes have retired, Maiorca is at the peak of his abilities. Mayol is 46. Most young people today prefer to be champions while there is still time to be something else afterward.

A nation that values heroes more than Italy would try to encourage citizens like Maiorca to accept subsidies—adequate equipment or a bit of life insurance. But Maiorca is painfully reticent about receiving help. When he delivers his annual victory interview on the best-up fishing shallop he dives from, he never forgets to credit—after God, the local coast guard and his army of volunteer assistants—a certain manufacturer of underwater equipment who conveniently forgot to bill him for a wet suit years ago. The letters spelling the firm's name are peeling from the chest, and the unpaid-for trousers are almost out at the knee, but Maiorca's sense of obligation to his benefactor is as fresh as the suit was the first day he wore it. And the suit was good enough last August. Last August. . .

The place where Maiorca is making his record dive seems to have no relationship to the summer of '72. A visitor would hardly know he was in the postwar world were it not for the modern cars. Here there is only a narrow trench of water in the side of Sicily, a broken concrete dock harboring a mess of little boats with eyes painted on their prows, a maritime superstition dating back 2,000 years when the land was linked to the colonies known as Magna Graecia. Ognara is the name of this arid cape.

The month is significant insofar as Maiorca's friends take their holidays in August and include the record attempt in their itineraries. The eager beaver running the show, an air force general named Giorgio Bertoliso, is the last to arrive.

Local representatives of government-run television skulk in a company station wagon, out of the morning sun, passing casual, profane remarks. Two camera-festooned magazine photographers from the mainland periscope on the dock beside bags of equipment, gloomy in the knowledge that if their gear fails they can always fall back on some of last year's color and get away with it, since the sea and Maiorca always look pretty much the same on film.

Tourists from nearby Ragusa, who have absorbed all the sights in Syracuse (the old Greek theater, Dionysus's Ear), keep a respectful distance from the media, waiting for the hero to appear. The Swiss judges arrive in white shorts—nimble, curly-haired Michele Gallet, who is to keep an eye on Maiorca as he comes down into the record area, and middle-aged Rino Gambe, wearing ankle socks under his sandals, editor of an underwater magazine of foundering circulation in Lausanne. Rino will be judging from the fishing boat to see that no one, perish the thought, gives Maiorca illegal assistance (a whiff of oxygen before the dive, for instance).

A solemn, sleepy assortment of civilian and military divers, 12 in all, pull up in a truck and then lug yoked pairs of air bottles onto the foredeck of the battered cabin cruiser belonging to the champion. Time does not drag because there is no time; nonetheless, everyone is glad to see the general because it means the dive is on. Bertoliso sports a diverting splash of bold color on his head, a canary-yellow, long-billed cap with the trademark Lear Jet.

The general speaks with restrained command, carries a clipboard and orders Maiorca's equipment loaded onto the small fishing boat that will be the center of attention once the group arrives at the point of immersion. Item: 100 meters of steel wire painted white and wound onto an old tire wheel. Item: a 50-kilo chunk of lead gouged from a Roman galley anchor and screwed to a pair of iron handles that will be threaded onto the wire for the purpose of sliding Maiorca into the abyss. Item: 100 meters of Manila rope to control the weight and its human cargo at decisive stages on the journey. One missing item turns out to be a big stone to hold the wire down.

enrichment



Friends in warmup pajamas scrounge a nearby field for a suitable stone—not hard to find in Sicily. CMAS, or World Confederation of Underwater Activities, the august body that supervises all sub-surface events, from depth record attempts to spearfishing contests, limits the stone's weight to 100 kilos for no ascertainable reason. Three divers grunt and groan while they weigh a stone on a hand-held Archimedeian device before Rino Gamba's stern gaze. (Archimedes, you may recall, was born in Syracuse, Maiorca's hometown, and likewise indulged in experimental bathing.)

The stone, judged suitable, is placed on board. Pippo, the fisherman in charge of the equipment, slides aside the lid of his old diesel and cranks the engine into a slow, thudding pulse, the impromptu signal to move out. Everyone follows in a ragged file of tippy boats to an unmarked acre of seascape. The south wind has risen, casting a light spray on tourist, judge, friend and witness. Like a condemned man to his place of execution, the human object of all this activity is being hauled from elsewhere.

Friends mull over their preordained tasks along the path of Maiorca's brief journey. Their names are engraved on their depth-proof watches, a fetish peculiar to this team of underwater addicts. A brooding colonel in a wane-dark warmup suit looks perpetually angry. The colonel's watch has Maiorca's name stamped on it; his job is to swim close to the hero, keeping an eye on him. If the hero starts to drown, the colonel will seal his nose and mouth and carry him to the surface.

Landward, a linen haze hangs on the gray cordillera. Seaward, the horizon is stopped by a solitary trawler as still and two-dimensional as a painted boat seen through a shooting gallery periscope. A mile and a half offshore, the boats start revolving in a current-resisting holding pattern. Around a northern cape, which hides Syracuse, comes Maiorca on wings of spray, riding a splendid gray coast guard cutter, the biggest his hometown can supply. The grand vessel subdues from 25 knots and swings broadside to his friends. Maiorca stands amid officers splendid in white-and-gold uniforms and freshly painted white shoes. Their own wake moves them back and forth. Maiorca balances himself easily on bare feet. He wears a blue warmup suit. He radiates self-confidence and impatience.

He has been training six months for this day. His eyes are deep blue. He is a boy's-book hero—strong-jawed, bullnecked, his nose a thin, keen blade, his smile a dazzling flash of white. He is used to being before the public, such as it is. "Well?" he calls. "Do we go today?" What does the general say? We will do whatever he advises. How is the sea?

The general glances away from the hero's penetrating look. He seems humbled by the hero and uses an uncharacteristic foul word to describe the sea.

The disciples echo the general.

"Then tomorrow," Maiorca declares.

The tourists revolving far away, Pluto to the sun, are disappointed to see Maiorca speed away. They do not understand the reason: CMAS regulations



MAIORCA: HIS HIGHS COME AS HE SINKS

stipulate that the ritual of ventilation—filling the lungs with air before the dive—must take place in the sea. The south wind that is blowing outside the port has ruffled the surface and the waves would no doubt splash into Maiorca's face if he were to attempt the record this day. Only Maiorca can scrub the mision, although he made it seem that the general had a hand in it.

During the off-season, Maiorca represents a pharmaceutical company, persuading local doctors to prescribe the company's pills. His salary is not great but it keeps his family in reasonable comfort and there is enough to pay Pippo for the use of the boat and other expenses. Maiorca lifts weights during the winter and goes to work in the sea in the spring. By August he is making daily trips to his old record levels and swimming horizontally at a depth of 50 me-

ters, timed by his two closest friends, fellow-Syracusans Filippo La Ciura and Nuncio Di Dato, who are harnessed to Aqu-Lungs.

No free diver is in the water long enough to have to worry about decompression sickness—the bends. What mainly preoccupies the champion are his pesky ears. Anyone who does not know the proper technique can hardly dive to 20 feet without feeling pain in the ears and/or sinuses. But long ago somebody discovered that a sharply willed puff of air from the lungs (the nose is held shut, of course, or the puff would dissipate out the nostrils) could break through ear tubes and mucus-blocked sinuses, relieving pressure in these *manu-caverns*. Like everybody else today, Maiorca compensates, as the puffing rite is called, early in a dive. Atypically, he is obliged to relieve his inner-ear passages frequently thereafter. He is always apprehensive about his record-breaking dives because he knows that his eustachian tube could shut again and he might not be able to clear his ears before his eardrums blew. It is not the pain he dreads, but the unconsciousness that would follow.

The sea is as flat as paper the second day. The general has a spoiled disposition due to a dinner of polluted mussels in Syracuse the evening before. Testily he informs the media, "I cannot tell you how far Maiorca intends to go today. We knew that he will try to beat 77 meters, last year's record. I haven't spoken to him this morning. He calls me. I don't call him."

Maiorca makes another great entrance, skidding up on the splendid powerboat, but this time he is not so cheerful. Withdrawn, or, as one used to say of grinds in school, all business, he comes on board his own boat clutching a canvas bag containing his wet suit, quietly informs the general that he is going to try for 78 meters, one over the record, and ducks into his cabin to be alone.

Down close to the motionless sea, Pippo pegs the slide wire to stop the weight at 78 meters, then hooks up the target. Maiorca will bring back, establishing his claim to the record. It consists of a white handkerchief spread-eagled on a wire coat hanger with easily breakable thread. In the center of the handkerchief today is sewn a small metal disc with the number 78 painted on it in orange enamel. Maiorca needs something big to

reach for. He dives without a face mask. A mask would have to be filled constantly with precious lung air to keep the pressure from shoving in against Maiorca's skull. When he opens his eyes at the end of the run, visibility is not much better than that at the bottom of a Coke bottle.

The big stone is gently lowered into the sea, taking the handkerchief with it. When 100 meters of wire are unreeled, the sliding weight, or *zororra*, is hooked onto it and secured to the side of the boat. Pippo then attaches the rope to the weight. The rope has been knotted at 10-meter intervals down to 50 meters, equivalent to the same distance marks on the wire; as the knots hit the edge of the boat before going over, Pippo will snub the rope momentarily to alert Maiorca to snap his downward hurling body upright; this difficult maneuver releases lung air into Maiorca's mouth which he uses to puff open his ear tubes. Once he goes on after the 50-meter tuck, Maiorca reaches a velocity of a meter per second, an ever-shrinking object.

Purists deplore the use of the *zororra* and the fact that Maiorca comes back hand over hand on the wire (he has been using the wire in this fashion only since last year). Already, conditioning himself for today's attempt, he swam unaided, except for a face mask and fins (but no wet suit), to 57 meters, breaking the record for unassisted dives he had set stand for 10 years. Maiorca, however, is too cautious about water he doesn't know to abandon his intention of hitting 80, 90, possibly 100 meters, simply to satisfy the purists. Furthermore, he is convinced that it is physically impossible to attain these depths without help, such as it is.

Maiorca's equeyry, the dour colonel, sinks to explore the wire and ultimately returns and dryly announces that the stone is resting on the bottom at 80 meters and the wire is curving like a snake. Chagrined, the general asks the captain of the coast guard if he would kindly explore the area with his echo sounder and find 100 meters of water for the wire. When the captain finds the necessary water, all the boats go out to join him. Maiorca meantime emerges from his cabin dressed in his suit of darkness, oblivious to the growing excitement about him, like a bridegroom or a bull-fighter with serious matters on his mind. He wears a pair of blue trunks over his

black rubber trousers, giving him the look of a comic-book hero. He steps onto the small fishing boat. The general borrows an electric megaphone from the coast guard and calls for silence. Boats move closer to the site of Maiorca's immersion. The general pleads with them to back off. They do, somewhat.

Maiorca slips into the water facing forward. Pippo removes the lid of the box encasing the diesel engine and sets it on the water in front of him. A black-suited disciple steadies the lid beside Maiorca, who extends his arms on it. Pippo holds the lid and the man resting on it close to the boat. CMAS rules give the aspirant 60 minutes to charge his lungs and blood with air. During this hour, the diver can make as many attempts as he wants to. Maiorca has set his own time limit for this dive—eight minutes. His disciples stand by with stopwatches, and the ritual begins. He opens his mouth and draws in, making a light, rasping wail, the sound of a glass cutter biting across the surface of a windowpane. Then he exhales, as little as he can, and the terrible keening comes again. It scrapes on the nerves.

Every 15 seconds, an aide intones the countdown or, in this particular case, the count-up. Dramatic sounds, you'd say, but no spindles turn on television's recording machine. Television is interested in the victory speech only.

"Aheeeeeeeeee!" the cry comes again. Maiorca is mourning his own death.

"Four minutes!" Four lumps swell briefly around the fishing boat and the sea goes flat again. Four disciples are on their way down to their stations.

"Six minutes!" Then eight minutes have passed. All the guardians are hung out along the wire. The count-up is finished. The inhalation cry comes no more. Maiorca grabs the *zororra* by the upper handle. Pippo releases the rope. And Maiorca has gone. Rather, the spectators are abandoned.

Under the mirror roof of the sea, the black, beaklike shape slowly falls as if caught in amber through a yellow-green gelatin, free at last. The compensations are a success. The blunt chunk of lead guillotines along its track. The water is very cold, then rapture makes the cold nothing. Maiorca falls in a darkness he can't see, a darkness that vaguely brightens as the sand casts up surface light. The colonel peers ever more intently through the darkness

to assess the champion's condition. The *zororra* stops. Maiorca opens his pinched eyes, easily takes the handkerchief off its hanger with a swipe of his hand, and tucks it in his trunks, the ultimate in grace under pressure. He looks for the cable to go home on. He can't see it. He gestures for the rope, his anxiety over this unplanned improvisation costing him oxygen. He finds and tugs on the rope. The rope must be pulled taut to move him up. He pays it in and it begins to stiffen, slowly straightening out between Maiorca and the fishing boat in the other world.

The general announces without real proof that Maiorca has broken the record. All anyone knows is that enough time has elapsed for Maiorca to have got down that far. From the surface, spotters eye the unoccupied wire.

Blind, squeezed face pointed upwards to the light, Maiorca works his way out of the depths, gently pushing with his fins, his black-green body arched to stretch his lungs to the utmost. He resembles a sea-coated bronze statue being lifted from centuries in the deep. He grows larger and breaks into this world and stops, as if that were as far as he was meant to go. His head lolls on his shoulder. Divers crowd under him, shove him against the fishing boat. A doctor clasps a plastic oxygen mask to Maiorca's face. The gas trickles into the un-moving lungs. The face changes color. "Bene," the lips murmur. Maiorca sniffs the gas hungrily. He is unceremoniously boated and stands up slowly. The coast guard blows its siren.

Maiorca speaks to the general, who is hugging him and vowing that next year Enzo will break 80 meters. "I couldn't find the wire. I guess it must be too thin. I had to come up on the rope." The general forces himself to take this seriously; he is not yet in a serious frame of mind. Maiorca gives him the handkerchief. The general waves it. "We'll have to think up another way . . ." Maiorca says vaguely, turning to face the television cameras. He records his message for the evening news program. Then he asks the coast guard to radio his wife that all is well.

Before he goes back to Syracuse on the coast guard cutter, Maiorca is asked how he plans to make his next record try less chancy. "We have a year to think about that," he replies. Time is his real subsidy. **END**

ARMAN

"I am a *spoof*," says Artist Armand Pierre Arman—a onetime teacher of judo, a Ping-Pong enthusiast and, he claims, the world's first garbologist. Arman is a self-confessed student of garbage, both aromatic and otherwise, a collector and rearranger of what the world, too quickly he believes, has cast aside. Sometimes he even anticipates its fickleness, as in the case of the football equipment pictured on these pages, preserved for eternity in polyester: 36 pairs of cleats (which he sliced up), 20 helmets, 200 mouthpieces and one set of shoulder pads.

For Arman, now 44, the road to garbologism passed through such familiar isms as post-impression and surreal. But when he began traveling, he made this not too startling observation, that the poorer societies produced little garbage. Back in his native France, where he lived until 1961, the contrast appeared clearer: virtually all products were systematically produced, accumulated, rejected and destroyed. And the cycle seemed to be getting quicker and quicker each year. Arman says: "I don't think it will ever change. I saw myself as a witness of our society, and all my work now concerns this statement."

Arman started to be "involved" in garbage, as he puts it, around 1960, the year he crammed a Paris art gallery full

of lobster shells, lamb chop bones, orange peels and you name it, 42 cubic meters of his art. The show drew raves, and flies, but it ended abruptly when neighbors complained about the smell. Arman says, "I was a little bit in advance of my time."

A few years later Arman dynamited a brand-new MG. "Two charges in front," he says, "one in back, and boom, it's opened like a flower." It will never run again, of course, but it will never be sold for scrap iron either. So too with the trombone he cut up with hacksaws. A Paris museum owns it now. Then, in 1964, Arman completed his first real sports art when he welded a pile of dumbbells into a pyramid and named it Sonny Liston.

These days Arman lives and works in New York City, where he notices more and more empty yogurt cartons each year, but also that dust has almost disappeared because almost all vacuum cleaners have dust bags now. His studio is full of "clean garbage—frozen in plastic," but there is room at home for watching tennis and football on TV, for a Ping-Pong table, and for Arman and his wife to take private lessons in one of the Chinese martial arts. He says that sport and art are very much alike, that in both, talent counts for 5%, chance for 30%, and hard work for all the rest.







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Washington Redskins Quarterback **Sonny Jurgensen** is going back to school—a school for drinking drivers. That's the only penalty assigned to him after he was arrested on charges of intoxicated driving and jailed for half an hour when he refused to take a breath test. The charges were dropped on Dec. 21 at the request of Prince George's (Md.) County State's Attorney Arthur Marshall. Marshall admitted he might have been influenced by "the Christmas spirit" or the forthcoming game on Sunday with the Green Bay Packers. State Trooper Robert Cromwell, who made the arrest, said, "It's been a pain in the neck and I'm glad it's over." What really hurt, Cromwell is a Baltimore Colt fan.

Kino Jalayer, a 36-year-old Iranian currently an employee at a Lake Tahoe resort hotel, was arrested for running a red light. The cop was following the letter, if not the spirit, of the law. A former Olympic marathon contestant, Jalayer ran the light on foot.

The Otis Taylor Book must be one of the few school texts stolen in any numbers, and probably the only remedial reader. The recently published aid for slow readers, built around conversations with the Kansas City Chiefs' wide receiver, consistently turns up missing in the Kansas City school system. "I'm glad the book is being stolen," Taylor says, and the school's reading consultant, Joanne Beebe, is even happier. "It's a hero-figure approach," she says. The book itself encourages such identification. McGuffey-like, Taylor advises readers to mind their parents but adds, "If you don't have a parent who cares, pick up an idol. Otis Taylor doesn't come from a rich family. I lived in a project that's twice as bad as any you may know about.

So it's not where you come from. You have to have 'the will to do.' And you have to form the will within yourself, if there's no help from others."

Sequels to popular stories seldom turn out the way one would like. **Gil Hodges Jr.**, son of the late manager, has quietly been granted his release by the Mets' Pompano farm team. Young Hodges hit only .196 and four home runs. Earlier, the Mets' Batavia team had released **Larry Berra Jr.**, Yogi's son. Maybe it will be different with Pitcher **Mark Tanner**, signed by the Chicago Cubs. His father is **Chuck Tanner**, who is, after all, manager of the Chicago White Sox.

Wyoming Basketball Coach **Bill Strannigan's** frame of mind was something less than happy. Idaho State had poured it on his Cowboys, even with subs in the game. One of them was Strannigan's own son Matt, a freshman, who not only made two nice passes setting up baskets, but after State had won 70-51 went into deep consultation with his father. Consolation? Sympathy? Nope. "He asked me for 20 bucks to catch up on his laundry bills before Christmas vacation," Strannigan said.

Covering the Chicago Bears can be a physically punishing experience. **George (Mugs) Hales Jr.**, president of the Bears, got so upset when a potential Chicago touchdown pass was deflected that he leaped up and pounded the wall of his private booth. The booth happens to be adjacent to the Soldier Field press box, and the impact jarred a TV monitor off a shelf onto the head of **Ed Sainsbury**, a reporter for UPI. Bleeding profusely from a scalp wound, Sainsbury heroically stayed on the job for the game's final minutes to file his story. Only then did he retreat

to Mercy Hospital's emergency room, where five stitches were required to close the wound. The blow also bruised Sainsbury's chest when it knocked him forward onto the press table. Sainsbury had just been beginning to feel better after major heart surgery.

New York Jet Cornerback **Steve Tannen** may be a mean man on the field, but off it he writes children's books. A forthcoming one, *The Bleeper and the Regs*, which sounds a little like a story about referees throwing out a player for unnecessary language, is actually a nonsense poem. So is Tannen's recent work entitled *Lullaby*.

*I hate to be a lullaby
perched upon a stick,
hands and arms extended
for someone's lousy kick.
I'd rather be a roller skate
with someone else to follow.
At least I'd be a major
chore for anyone to swallow.*

Billy Mills, the American Indian who staged that dramatic upset in the 10,000-meter run of the 1964 Olympics, well recalls being poor and Indian when poverty and red skins were unfashionable. So, at age 34, Mills is running the Division of Recreation, Physical Education and Athletics of the Bureau of Indian Affairs—a division created by Mills. Mills has already opened a Hall of Fame that has inducted, among others, such Indian athletes of the past as Allie Reynolds, Chief Bender and Jim Thorpe. He has put on a 10-state Indian invitational cross-country meet, and he plans annual championships in basketball and football. "Everybody tells the young Indian to be proud, but nobody ever tells him what to be proud about," Mills says. "We want them to combine the poise of sports with the strength and beauty of past Indian philosophy."



♦ **Arnold Palmer** was in Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania capital, for a tennis—repeat, tennis—exhibition, and it seemed a good time to discuss widespread rumors about another possible nongolf activity. Palmer has often been mentioned as a conceivable Republican candidate for governor. "What we need is someone who is interested in the state and not in himself," Palmer said. "We need someone who would just generally take a look at the state without self-righteous thoughts." Arnie claimed he wasn't saying the present governor hadn't ever done this, "but politics are too much involved in our state." Concerning his own plans, the Latrobe, Pa. resident said only, "I guess everyone has had political thoughts. I've thought about the governorship but I've never given it very serious thought. But you never know." For a non-politician, that's a fairly noncommittal answer, Arnie.

Tiger cub from Canberra

Eddie Palubinskas has a complaint: practically nobody around Baton Rouge, where he plays basketball for Louisiana State, knows very much about Australia. Oh, you thought he was from Chicago and it was the *name* that had people hung up? Not a bit of it. Eddie Palubinskas (it is pronounced Pal-u-bin-skas) is Australian and the newest sensation at the school that gave us Pete Maravich. He says that although Americans delight in adopting foreigners, they

know very little about his country, while "Australians know all about the United States." It is when he opens his mouth that he gets into the most trouble. Listeners hear that accent and, claims Eddie, "They say, 'Hey, man, where you from?' When I tell them Canberra, I get the strangest responses. One guy asked, 'Is that the capital of Belgium?' Another wanted to know how I got here—by bus?"

Absolutely nobody has questioned Eddie's basketball, which is what really brought him to the United States. Back home in Canberra he was as much of an oddity as he sometimes feels he is here. While the other boys were wondering how tight to make the strings on their tennis rackets, Eddie was doing what kids from, say, Indiana do, practicing shooting, dribbling and passing on an outdoor court. In a short time he became remarkably adept, but he is not at all sure that was a good thing. "I always seemed to be ahead of the others," he says. "I think the reason I never learned to play defense well is because I could always outscore the other fellow."

Scoring, either with his soft 15-foot jump shots or on his spectacular baseline drives, is the best part of Eddie's game. He is an excellent dribbler who switches hands well, even though he looks somewhat ragged when he is driving downcourt because he has a natural herky-jerky movement from the waist up, not unlike Elgin Baylor.

At LSU Eddie was an instant success. He scored 32 points in the team's first game, a 94-81 upset over nationally ranked Memphis State, which should not have surprised people as much as it did. Eddie had been playing in this country for two years—at Ricks Junior College in Rexburg, Idaho—and his accomplishments were considerable. He averaged 24 points, scored 1,400 in all and two years ago shot 94.2 from the foul line. Playing for Australia, he was the second leading Olympic scorer, with 190 points in nine games.

"Eddie is an adventurer, a free spirit who goes where he wants," says Dale Brown, the LSU coach. A former assistant coach and recruiter at Utah State and Washington State before succeeding Press Maravich at LSU last March, Brown recruited Palubinskas through Lindsay Gaze, coach of the Australian national team. Brown met Gaze when

the Australians were touring the U.S. in 1967-68 and said, "If you ever develop a player good enough to play in the States, let me know." Brown did not hear a word for three years, and then came a letter from Gaze saying, "We now have that player, Eddie Palubinskas, age 19. He is the best offensive player in the history of Australia." Since Eddie had not taken the entrance tests required by American schools, Brown wrote Gaze that he would try to place Palubinskas in a junior college. A few weeks later Brown's phone rang. It was Palubinskas calling from an airport in Utah. "Coach Brown had a lot of faith in me," Palubinskas says. "For all he knew, I could have been a drug addict."

The Americanization of Eddie Palubinskas began nicely, despite minus-28 degree temperatures and tons of "stinkin' snow" in Idaho. He met a Mormon girl at Ricks and changed his religion. He intended to enroll at the University of Idaho last fall until he learned that Brown had taken the LSU job. Shortly after the Olympics, Brown answered his phone again. It was the free spirit calling from the New Orleans airport. When Brown picked him up, Eddie was wearing a full-length coat made of 12 kangaroo pelts. "I had it made because I thought I was going to Idaho again," he says. Anybody want to buy a slightly used kangaroo coat?

Palubinskas began playing basketball at 14 after he broke his ankle in an Australian rules football game. "In Australia everyone was out to bust me because I was so good," he says. "Australians always root for the underdog, and if you are the best, they want to knock you down. Americans are just the opposite. They root for you and ask, 'How did you get to be so good?'"

Eddie got that good quite naturally, he says, and some of his passes and moves—as flashy as the playgrounds of Watts and Harlem have seen—bear him out. He believes that three or four other Australians who have played either Olympic or international basketball could make it in the U.S. Of his passing he says, "I have always had the vision. It is just a matter of being alert so that when a guy is open I can get the ball to him. I just love busting open a bloody zone by throwing a good pass to a man who is cutting through it."



EDDIE MODELS HIS 12-PELT 'ROO COAT

At Narrabundah High School in Canberra, Palubinskas also swam, ran track, played football and was a gymnast. His gymnastic ability saved him from a serious injury in the Memphis State game. He flipped into the air over a ducking shooter, and was about to land on the top of his head when he broke his fall with his hands and went into a perfect forward roll. "He could have broken his neck if he hadn't known what he was doing," Brown said after running a film of the play.

Eddie seems to have inherited his athletic prowess from his father, Stanley Palubinskas, a national swimming star in Lithuania before emigrating to Australia. (His mother is Russian, and that language is one of four Eddie speaks; the others are German and French.) "He has practiced kicking on his own and claims to have booted a 65-yarder from a kick-off tee while wearing sneakers. Indeed, Palubinskas' most dramatic moment came at a football game and not on the basketball court. It happened on the Saturday night that LSU Quarterback Bert Jones beat Ole Miss in the last second. There was Palubinskas, a guy from Australia, jumping and whooping like a good ol' boy. Split his pants, the free spirit did. Maybe he shouldn't sell that coat after all.

THE WEEK by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST Bill Schaeffer was the one player to have when your team was having more than one game. St. John's, in fact, played four games in five days, sweeping in the ECAC Holiday Festival title in Madison Square Garden with Schaeffer scoring 112 points. He started with 40 in a 112-86 rout of Grambling, added 19 more as the Redmen held off Tennessee 56-55 with the help of three foul shots in the last 28 seconds by Larry Jenkins, and had 22 more in an 85-83 upset of Michigan. He finished with 31 points as St. John's whipped South Carolina 86-79 in the championship game. The winning basket on Michigan came on a play that worked out perfectly

or imperfectly, depending on the teller. According to Coach Frank Mulzoff, "The last play was set up for Schaeffer." According to Schaeffer he "wasn't supposed to take it." With 11 seconds to go the St. John's reserves arose in a prearranged signal to set the winning play in motion. "I didn't see the substand," said Schaeffer who did, however, see the clock and dropped in the winner with one second left.

Two Philadelphia squads—St. Joseph's and La Salle—made it to the championship round of the Quaker City Tournament. To get there the Hawks drubbed Rhode Island 89-64 and outlasted Duguesne 76-71. For the Explorers the path was bumpier as they held off USC 77-72 and New Mexico State 76-70. They were ousted from the field by the Trojans 52-25, but were baited out by Jimmy (Skyman) Crawford, who had 20 points, and by freshman Charlie Wise. Four times in the last 57 seconds of the first half the Trojans got the ball with the clock stopped, and each time Wise was sent in from the bench. Twice he stole the ball as La Salle cut a 37-31 deficit to one point at halftime. Against New Mexico State, Crawford sank 11 straight shots and had 30 points. But neither Crawford nor Wise nor hurry-up tactics helped against the Hawks in the title game. St. Joseph's held Skyman to 12 points, refused to be rushed into errors and came away a 77-52 winner.

Caniaris won its own Queen City Tournament, beating Murray State 90-79 in Buffalo, where a bat swooped in on the action.

1. PROVIDENCE (6-1) 2. ST. JOHN'S (7-3)

SOUTH Illinois downed Temple 82-77 on the first day of the Sugar Bowl Tournament, then took on the world, otherwise known as UCLA, an 85-72 winner over Drake. What lent drama to the title matchup went back 16 years to another Fighting Illini team that ended the longest college winning streak of all time—San Francisco's—81-60 games. This time Illinois was no stopper, although it came closer to the Bruins than anybody else has this year, losing by only 71-64. It was UCLA's 53rd straight.

For the seventh time in 10 years host Davidson won the Charlotte Invitational, taking the title game 66-63 from Cincinnati, a team it had lost to by 31 points earlier on the road. T. Jay Pecorak led the Wildcats with 35 points in two games and a lot of defense, throwing all of his 210 pounds into his work. Admitted Pecorak, "I'm surprised with what I'm able to get away with because it's so obvious what I'm doing."

Craig Luder of Virginia Tech made himself equally at home in the Old Dominion Classic at Norfolk, his hometown. Luder, who had been averaging 6.3 points a game,

scored 51 as the Gobblers nipped Old Dominion 81-80 and defeated Stanford 77-71. Said MVP Luder: "I wanted to play well at home, but this was ridiculous."

Before the Gator Bowl Tournament Jacksonville Coach Tom Wanda told his players that if they took first place they could have three days off to go home. Whereupon sophomore Henry Williams made a fast break for a travel agency where he bought a ticket to Pittsburgh, his hometown. Then the Dolphins beat Miami of Ohio 66-59 and, with 21 points from hometown-bound Williams, put down Rutgers 84-71.

Kermit Washington had 24 points and 25 rebounds as American U. won the Roanoke Invitational from Roanoke 85-76. Wake Forest scribbled Brown 65-59 in the Palmetto Classic finale, Furman took the Poinsettia Tournament and Maryland walked off with its own invitational by beating Syracuse 90-76.

In single-game battles, Memphis State squeezed past previously undefeated Vanderbilt 74-71 and Kentucky put down Notre Dame 65-63. The Tigers came to Nashville with nine cheerleaders and a flock of fans who had bought seats left vacant by vacationing Commodore students. Playing without a single cheerleader and without its best rebounder and No. 2 scorer, injured Rod Freeman, Vandy trailed 40-26 at the half but fought back and even went into the lead with four minutes to go. But the Commodores faltered and Memphis' Larry Finch finished with 21 points. Earlier Finch had 35 as Memphis State stomped on Cornell 96-64. Kentucky had to overcome its own disgruntled fans as well as the Irish in order to prevail. "I felt the crowd forced us into some bad shots with their impatience," said Kentucky Coach Joe Hall. After receiving the MVP award for his 23 points and 16 rebounds Jim Andrews of the Wildcats said, "They gave me a trophy all right—a bowling trophy. I don't know where the real one was."

1. MARYLAND (7-0) 2. SW LOUISIANA (6-0)

WEST At the outset of its Lobo Invitational, New Mexico was unbeaten, but it felt unloved and unwanted—at least by the AP and UPI pollsters, who were not impressed enough by its 7-0 record to include the team in their top 20 lists. So the Lobos took out their frustrations on Dartmouth 107-36 and then forced Seattle into 26 turnovers in taking the title 70-54. James Brown of Dartmouth and Willie Biles of Tulsa, the Nos. 3 and 4 scorers in the nation at the tournament's start, felt that the altitude in mile-high Albuquerque affected them. Brown connected on just five of 26 field-goal attempts, Biles on 13 of 51.

George Karl scored 30 points in the closed

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

ing minutes and North Carolina held off Louisville 89-86 in the Rainbow Classic.

Minnesota built an 18-point lead, squandered all but two points of it and hung on for an 83-80 victory over Oregon State in the Far West Classic in Portland. Leading the Gophers were Dave Winfield, a non-starter when the season began, and Bob Nix, a playmaker and an often erratic shooter. Winfield had 20 points, Nix 19.

With 7.44 minutes to go and with San Francisco trailing Penn 69-64, the Dons brought in John Bora who, they claim, is "the best sixth man in the country." He sank two free throws and converted two steals into field goals as San Francisco overhauled Penn 84-77.

1. UCLA (18-2) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (16-6)

MIDWEST

There was only cold water at the hotel where Kansas State stayed during the Big Light Tournament in Kansas City, Mo. but the Wildcats soon had all the hot water they could handle when they fell behind by 15 points in the title game against Missouri. They surged back and tied the score at 62, but eventually lost 82-72 as the Tigers upped their record to 11-0. This season the Big Light is using a 30-second clock, and apparently it was instrumental in keeping teams from sitting on leads. Half of the 12 tournament games were decided by three points or fewer.

Marquette, continuing to win, was eliminating two other hometown teams—the Bucks and Wisconsin-Milwaukee—in the Muffin division. The aptly named Warriors beat North-western the hard way, playing most of the second half without Maurice Lucas, who was banned after punching a Wildcat player. The Warriors took the decision in overtime 89-85, then almost got taken themselves in the Milwaukee Classic. Playing Wisconsin, they came from 13 points down in the final 10 minutes to tie, and then won in double overtime 75-73.

Oral Roberts, getting its run-and-gun game untracked at last, won its own classic, too, squelching Montana State 136-68.

Indiana Coach Bob Knight, who had just earned his third technical foul, got a police escort from court-side with seven minutes left in the finals of the Sun Bowl Tournament. Texas-El Paso, playing in its own backyard, jelled the flowers 74-65 to win the event for the ninth time in 12 years.

Ferris Cincinnati won a nonconference game from Penn 71-65, causing Coach Gale Carlett to say, "Tonight we played with intensity." Long-range shooting by Forwards Gene Harrison and Gene Elkelfon, who accounted for 40 points, earned surprising Creighton to a 79-71 defeat of Ohio State.

1. MARQUETTE (8-2) 2. MINNESOTA (8-2)

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The spirit of the 76ers is willing

But the flesh is weak. In 1967 Philadelphia won the NBA title. This year, because of bad drafts, bad trades and bad management, a bunch of has-beens, never-wasas and won't-bees may set a league record for losses

One spring day in 1970 Al Henry picked up his telephone in Madison, Wis. and heard a man who introduced himself as Jack Kiser of the *Philadelphia Daily News* say, "Congratulations! The 76ers have picked you 12th in the first round of the NBA draft."

Henry, a 6' 9" center who had been the object of no more than cursory scrutiny by most pro clubs while playing for Wisconsin, answered, "Don't you mean I was the first player picked in the 12th round?"

No, Henry was incontestably the 76ers' top choice, although his own assessment of his ability turned out to be much more accurate than that of management. Unfortunately the 76ers neglected to ask Henry's opinion, relying instead on the less perceptive judgments of its scouts, who had fed their reports and statistics into a computer specially hired for the occasion. The machine spit out Henry's name as the man to take, even though Nate Archibald, Calvin Murphy, Jim McMillian, Garfield Heard and Curtis Perry were among the players available when Philly's choice came up. It was a classic example of the programmer's bromide: Garbage In, Garbage Out.

Henry's case points up one of the reasons why the word garbage is frequently used in conjunction with the name 76ers these days. By dint of his own hard work and the concomitant decline of the Sixers during his brief tenure, Henry survived part of one season and all of another in Philadelphia. He had compiled a 4.0 career scoring average when he was finally waived last September, thus avoiding the stigma of membership on the worst pro basketball team of this and perhaps any other year. Henry's scoring feats made him the highest point producer among the 76ers' first draft choices for 1967 through 1971 (see

box). Like Henry, the other four top picks are no longer with the Sixers. Or, for that matter, with anybody else. By this December, when he was cut by the Indiana Pacers, Craig Raymond was the only one left in pro ball, but he is 6' 11", which might be called an extenuating circumstance. Raymond played for six teams after leaving Philadelphia and was last seen holding down one end of the Pacers' bench. Dana Lewis, the Sixers' '71 pick, never appeared in a Philadelphia game, although he was signed to a big contract and the team still owes him several hundred thousand dollars. "The 76ers need a center in the worst way,"

is no reason to think otherwise—the 76ers will end the year with an unprecedented 7-75.

Until the second half of last season, basketball had been the one consistent exception to Philadelphia's sports malaise. As a charter member of the NBA, the Warriors, as they were then known, won the league's first championship and one of their players, Joe Fuiks, took the scoring title. They remained a power throughout the '50s and early '60s with teams that featured scoring champs Paul Arizin, Neil Johnston and Wilt Chamberlain. When the Warriors left for San Francisco in 1962, they were replaced by the Sixers (ne Syracuse Nats), a club that until last season hadn't missed a playoff in 22 years.

Chamberlain returned to Philly in 1965 and the 76ers won the Eastern Division the next three years. In 1966-67 they also won the league championship, posting a then-record 68-13 mark during the regular season. Some experts still consider this the best pro team ever assembled. Starting in the forefront with Chamberlain were Luke Jackson (since retired because of a knee injury) and Chet Walker, later traded to Chicago where he has continued to star. Wali (ne Wally) Jones, now of the Bucks, played guard alongside Hal Greer. Greer, now a 36-year-old reserve, and Fred Boyd, a rookie backcourtman from Oregon State, are the only current Sixers who came to the team directly from college.

The substitutes from that championship club could easily whip the current 76ers. They included Larry Costello and Dave Gambee along with a superb young sixth man, Bill Cunningham. Farther down the bench were three promising guards—Matt Guokas, Bob Weiss and Billy Melchiori. Guokas was traded and now starts for the Kings. Weiss,

DOWN MEMORY LANE

First-round draft choices the Philadelphia 76ers would like to forget—and almost everyone else has:

Year	Player & School	Games*	Min	Rbd	Asst	PPG
1967	Craig Raymond Brigham Young	27	177	68	8	2.0
1968	Shaler Waldman Utah State	50	350	85	18	3.7
1969	Bad Ogden Santa Clara	74	490	106	48	3.5
1970	Al Henry Wisconsin	43	447	148	8	4.0
1971	Dana Lewis Tulsa	0	0	0	0	0.0

* Statistics include career performances for 76ers only

Kiser wrote after seeing Lewis work out. "And Dana Lewis is a center in the worst way."

The 76ers' disastrous drafts, their equally wretched trades and their lowly position in the standings make them right at home in a city whose name has long been a handy alliterative for phantoms and phaux pas. Indeed, the Sixers are outdoing other hometown phlopes. After losses last week to the Hawks and Celtics, their record (3-35) was by far the worst in pro basketball. If they continue at their present pace—and there

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who today is widely regarded as the best third guard in the NBA, and Melchioni, the ABA's assets champion last season, were dumped into expansion drafts, and wound up with the Bulls and the Nets. Cunningham was the last of the old champs to leave, departing last spring under court order to honor a contract he signed three years ago with the ABA Cougars. He has since led Carolina to the top of its division, while, ironically, Don DeJardin, who negotiated the Cunningham contract for the Cougars, is the 76ers' general manager.

Although the trading of Chamberlain in 1968 ended the Sixers' reign as di-

Rubin, a former Long Island University coach who signed a three-year Sixers contract after at least three others had turned the job down. "Why can't someone else take some of the blame?" he moans. "I'm not the one who misses the shots, who throws the ball away, who won't box out. They're killing me. They're trying to take my livelihood away from me."

Rubin's players are just as distressed. Seven Sixers have recently played on championship or near-championship teams and, while players routinely gripe about coaches, the mounting losses have magnified Rubin's deficiencies in their eyes. They criticize him for sloppy practices, lack of discipline and his failure to speak meaningfully during time-outs, at halftime and at postgame meetings. More than his coaching, however, they criticize his personality.

Dave Wohl, a former Sixer who now plays for Buffalo, has called Rubin a "con man." According to a player still with the 76ers, "He comes up to me and tells me I'm great, that I'm going to be his main guy. Then he'll talk to someone else on the team and say I'm no good, that I don't know how to play, that I'm a bad guy." The press has chimed in: RUBIN'S 'CON' GAME DOESN'T WORK, headlined *The Evening Bulletin*. CAN RUBIN SURVIVE? inquired the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

In Philadelphia, where attendance is off more than 40%, the fans are not even bothering to come out to boo, but there was plenty of cheering from the 7,408 who watched a 76er "home" game in Pittsburgh against the Hawks last week. Most of the cheers, however, were for Atlanta's Pete Maravich, who was born in nearby Aliquippa, Pa. Maravich and the other Hawks played poorly and still won on a nice piece of luck. The Sixers led 120-119 with five seconds remaining when Pete missed a long jump shot. The rebound flew far out into the lane, where Atlanta's Don May caught it and sank a jumper at the buzzer.

Even with limited talent, an unhappy coach, dissension and bad luck, the worst may still be to come. Hopes of reviving the 76ers rest on the coming draft, in which they have two second-round choices and two firsts, both of which could fall among the initial four picks. Going on past records, it figures to be Philadelphia's worst performance of the year.

END

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

The still-active members of the '67 NBA champion 76ers, where they're at and how they're doing this season:

Player & Team	Games	Min	Reb	Asst	PPG
Will Chamberlain Los Angeles	33	1,357	574	129	13.7
Billy Cunningham Carolina	38	1,457	458	226	25.4
Chet Walker Chicago	32	994	163	67	19.5
Bob Weiss Chicago	33	934	76	109	10.2
Billy Melchioni New York Nets	23	889	65	230	16.1
Matt Geisak K.C.-Omaha	36	1,150	103	152	7.6
Walt Jones Milwaukee	27	419	29	56	5.0
Hal Greer Philadelphia	25	444	59	64	4.2

vision leader, it was the inept drafting and the dissipation of the club's other good personnel through bad trades by DeJardin and his predecessor, Jack Ramsay, that has left the team in its sorry condition. And though the current roster is made up largely of veterans, none of the 76ers save Greer has ever played in an All-Star game and there are no Sixers among the league's leaders in any department. Coach Roy Rubin has attempted to deep-think his way to victory by using 15 different starting combinations, but it is doubtful that his masterminding will gain him any votes for Coach of the Year.

The team's failings have embittered

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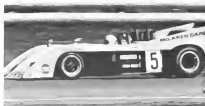
Seriation	No. Races	Goodyear Wins	Other Wins
NASCAR Grand National	33	32	1
USAC Championship	10	7	3
SCCA Con-Am	9	9	0
SCCA Trans-Am	7	5	2
SCCA Two-Five	11	11	0
SCCA Formula 5000	8	7	1
USAC Stock	19	11	8
USAC Dirt	4	1	3
NASCAR G.N. (E)	15	15	0
NASCAR G.N. (W)	30	19	11
Tosman (Australia)	8	8	0
NHRA Supernationals	24	17	7
AHRA Pro Series	30	20	10
IHRA Pro Series	24	17	7
FIA Formula 1	12	5	7
Manufacturers Champ.	11	1	10
Total	255	185	70

Pictured here are winners of 5 of the 255 major races run last year all over the world.

In the box above you'll see the final score—Goodyear tires on the winning cars in 185 of



Daytona 500 — Feb. 1972 — Winner A. J. Foyt



Mosport, Canada, Can-Am — June 1972 — Winner Denis Hurns

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FIRST IN 185 RACES



Indianapolis 500 — May 1972 — Winner Mark Donohue



Atlanta SCCA — Aug. 1972 — Winner John Morton



Buenos Aires Formula 1 — Jan. 1972 — Winner Jackie Stewart

1973: WATCH THE BIG WINNERS GO

GOODYEAR

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Since we borrowed the game from a bunch of other countries, it was fitting that the NCAA soccer championship last week was a *Mixmaster* of nationalities. Cornell's leading scorer was from Ecuador, UCLA started enough Ethiopians to staff Haile Selassie's palace guard, and the home countries on Howard University's roster read like the itinerary of a Caribbean cruise ship. Even the St. Louis Billikens—whose members regard anybody from across the city line as a foreigner—added international flavor: they wore jerseys bought wholesale from a dealer in Guadalajara.

So the scene in Miami should have been one of purest peace and harmony, good fellowship through sport and all that sort of thing. But no. In fact, the tourney took on Olympian dimensions in all will. The often mugged and occasionally brilliant play was punctuated by angry charges of racism, extracurricular kicking and elbowing and one donnybrook that proved soccer is not always a no-hands game. When it was all over, all-white, all-Catholic, all-citizen St. Louis had won its ninth championship in the 14-year history of the event—and had sent two of its players to the hospital.

The key to the 1972 title came in the semifinals when St. Louis met all-black Howard, the team that had won the Orange Bowl final last year to end a 44-game Billiken winning streak. This time St. Louis won 2-1 in sudden-death overtime on a header by Dan Counce, marking the first Howard loss in 31 games.

Howard brought out a fine stand of foreign students for the occasion: Stanfield Smith of Bermuda, Ian Bain of Trinidad, Desmond Alfred of Tobago, Amdemichael Selassie of Ethiopia and Marino McLennon of Jamaica, and all of them displayed fancy footwork. But Coach Lincoln Phillips, from Trinidad, had even more devastating players on the bench, most notably his countryman Keith Ague, last year's leading scorer. In fact, seven men on Howard's team had been accused of violating NCAA eligibility rules on various counts.

"It took both St. Louis and the NCAA to beat us," Phillips complained after the game. "The NCAA took this game away from us. But that's to be expected. It's pretty evident that a black school is not supposed to win." At a soccer luncheon the next day he attacked again,

Nobody kin kick like a Billiken

saying that St. Louis had only beaten "the remnants of Howard University"; that the NCAA was "guilty of practicing racism"; that Howard was having to huck a "racist system" in the U.S. When he finished, his team gave him a standing ovation.

"I'm not apologizing for sending my team out to win a soccer game," said St. Louis Coach Harry Keough, who got a standing ovation from his squad the minute he stepped up to the microphone. "I'm sorry politics affects other teams."

With all that steam blown off, the way seemed clear for a pleasant final match on Friday night between St. Louis and UCLA, which had edged Cornell 1-0 in the other semifinal. The Billikens and Bruins had met in the 1970 final and St. Louis had won a close game. Now, the two teams were quite different: St. Louis was completely homogeneous, its players having battled with and against each other since youth soccer days in their various parishes. The Californians, however, started five Ethiopians, including a sheepherder's son named Shoa Agonafer, plus one Colombian and two Mexico-born Chicanos.

The coaches had little in common except the sport itself. UCLA's Dennis Steiner, an articulate Englishman, directs both rugby and soccer. His rugby teams have regularly been the best on the West Coast and the Bruins' five-year soccer record going into last week's tournament was 72-7-8. "Our success in rugby and soccer would have made quite a stir at most places," he said, "but it hardly makes a ripple at UCLA."

But success in soccer does make a stir in St. Louis, where Harry Keough gets \$2,500 a year to coach in what spare time he can find from his job as a post-

office supervisor. Keough is married to a native of Mexico, speaks fluent Spanish and uses his family's annual trip south of the border to buy inexpensive uniforms for the team. But so far he has not needed to pick up any Latin guisles or fullbacks. "We're a little smug, I guess," he says. "We think if we get the best players from St. Louis, we'll do all right."

Less than 5,000 fans turned out in the Orange Bowl for the final. Too bad; the stay-at-homes missed almost as much hard hitting as the stadium was to experience three days later in the Nebraska-Notre Dame football game.

Both sides played raggedly at first, with UCLA too individualistic and St. Louis unable to capitalize on some good thrusts. Finally, freshman Joe Clarke fed Dan Counce a nice fat one, and he booted it in for a 1-0 lead at halftime. The trouble started with the Billikens' second score shortly after play resumed. St. Louis had a throw-in, and UCLA Goalie Steve Burnside and his teammates thought it was to be at midfield. Nope, the referee gave the ball to Tim Logush 20 yards closer to the goal. Logush promptly threw it over everybody's head, giving teammate Dennis Hadican a juicy one-on-one confrontation with the startled Burnside, and Hadican kicked it in. That annoyed the Bruins and set up the brawl to come.

Ethiopian Tekede Alemu headed the ball in for UCLA's first score and almost immediately Center Forward Shoa Agonafer was kicked by a Billiken, and St. Louis Goalie Chuck Zoramski was butted in the mouth by a Bruin. Fists started flying and the benches emptied. When order was restored, Billikens Zoramski and Bruce Hudson were dazed from blows to the head and were later taken to the hospital.

St. Louis was horribly ragged for a few minutes more, then settled down to take advantage of some mistakes by Goalie Burnside, winning it all 4-2.

It would be at least a year before Trinidad and Ethiopia would have to be faced again, so wouldn't the St. Louis players go home now and take a vacation from soccer? Of course not. There is a first-round amateur cup game in St. Louis this week featuring the two best club teams in town. Half the Billikens play for one side, half for the other. Few, if any, foreigners take part.

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Up jumps a sharpshooter

Montreal's Jacques Lemaire, heretofore a 30-goal man, has suddenly begun scoring at a rate that may bring him twice that this season



LEMAIRE CHARGES IN ON MINNEAPOLIS

A Jacques Lemaire the movie freak tells it, Jacques Lemaire the hockey player used to be the shooting machine that couldn't shoot straight. Lemaire averaged almost 30 goals a season for the Montreal Canadiens the last five years, not a bad record for the ordinary expansion forward, perhaps, but not very impressive for a swift skater whose shot is among the five heaviest in hockey. Lemaire's trouble was this: he would get the puck on his curved stick somewhere near the blue line, take a full backswing and then flail aimlessly away. Occasionally his shot would zip past a startled goaltender, but most times the goalie casually would catch the puck or else it would land in section B, row 4, seat 7 of the rangers. Last year, for instance, Lemaire fired 58 more shots than his little line-mate, Yvan Cournoyer,

but Cournoyer scored 15 more goals.

"One night I studied how Phil Esposito plays center," Lemaire says, "and I discovered that I was not playing the right way. Esposito does not score from the blue line or the red line. He scores all his goals from right in front of the net. Why not Jacques Lemaire?" This year Lemaire has become an inside specialist, floating about 20 feet in front of the net and firing from close range—and suddenly the shooting machine is shooting straight. As the week ended, Lemaire led the NHL with 29 goals, eight more than Esposito and Cournoyer—and the season had not yet reached the halfway point. "I have a big bonus for 35 goals," Lemaire says, smiling, "and a big, big bonus if I finish among the top 10 in the scoring race."

"I really don't care to think where we would be without Lemaire," says Coach Scotty Bowman. "Look at it this way. We're a one-line team now—Lemaire, Cournoyer and Chuck Leffley have scored more than 40% of our goals—and Lemaire makes that one line work." Inspired by the new Lemaire, the Canadiens were in first place from opening night until last Friday when the surging Boston Bruins, who have lost only once in their last 20 games, shut out the Minnesota North Stars 2-0. Less than 24 hours later, however, the Canadiens reclaimed a share of the top spot as Cournoyer scored to tie the troublesome Atlanta Flames.

"The trick," says Lemaire, "will be to stay on top. It will not be easy. Take what happened this week. We go into Minnesota and the North Stars think they can beat us—and they do. But the Bruins, ah, the North Stars don't think they can beat Boston—and they don't. It's the same thing everywhere. We don't score teams like Boston does."

All this could change, though, if Goaltender Ken Dryden becomes brilliant again, if Defenseman Serge Savard begins to play as flawlessly and as effec-

tively as he did against the Russians, if Peter Mahovlich (eight goals) and Henri Richard (none) rediscover the net, and, of course, if Lemaire continues to score and set up the elusive Cournoyer.

Although Dryden and his backup goalie, rookie Michel Plasse, lead the Vezina Trophy race by a comfortable 18 goals, Dryden, who started 32 of Montreal's first 37 games, has not been really sharp. "I had a heavy academic load during that time," he says, "and it caught up with me. But I finished law school just before Christmas and it will be strictly hockey from here on out." Not quite. Besides playing goal, Dryden plans to study French at McGill University, investigate the merits of yoga as a post-game relaxant and play basketball, handball or squash each day after practice.

At last Dryden will not have to worry about stopping Lemaire. Born and raised in the Montreal suburb of Ville LaSalle, Jacques was one of the rare youngsters in Quebec who was not an addict of Les Canadiens. "They were too good," he says. "They won all the time. There was no use going to their games or watching them on television because it was always the same thing. My brother Yvan knew every player in the league, but I knew only Jean Beliveau and the Richard brothers." Perseverely, Lemaire became the No. 1 fan of the Lachine Maroons, a junior team.

"To me," Lemaire says, "the Maroons were the Canadiens. Yvan Cournoyer was their star, and I went to see them play every week." Lemaire later played for the Maroons, and then he graduated to the Junior Canadiens in Canada's top amateur league. Like most French Canadians, Lemaire was a natural skater but his shot was not particularly quick or hard until he began to spend hours each day firing pucks against a driveway wall. In 1966 he turned professional, and the Canadiens shuffled him to Houston for seasoning.

"I could not speak more than a word

or two of English when I got there," Lemaire says. "My roommate, Norm Ferguson, could not speak more than a word or two of French." In Houston, Lemaire became a television nut, and now he watches quiz shows, soap operas, Westerns, gangster films and war movies from morning until morning.

When Lemaire joined the Canadiens in 1967, he immediately posed what proved to be a five-year problem for the club's management. "They didn't know whether I should be a center or a left wing," he says. "It got pretty confusing at times." As a center Lemaire was hardly another Jean Beliveau, and as a left wing no one ever confused him with John Ferguson or Frank Mahovlich. Still, Lemaire scored 32 goals in two different seasons and played well in Stanley Cup games. In 1971 one of his 75-foot blasts beat Chicago Goalie Tony Esposito and started Montreal's winning rally in the seventh game of the final series.

Last summer Brown decided that Lemaire would play exclusively at center and that Cournoyer would be his right wing. Since neither Lemaire nor Cournoyer is an adept backchecker, Bowman had to find a left wing who would not object to playing defensive forward for the two gunners. Bowman tried Lefley, a rookie, and the line clicked.

"They used to think that I needed two rough guys on my wings," Lemaire says. "At one time I worked with John Ferguson and Claude Larose, and whenever we were on the ice there was a fight. I spent all my time picking up gloves. Lefley is pretty rough and can handle himself, but if you have a tough defense—and we do—then you don't need all tough guys up front. Speed is more important."

Oddly enough, one reason why the Lemaire-Cournoyer-Lefley line leads the NHL in scoring is that Lemaire has persuaded Cournoyer to utilize his brakes as well as his accelerator. "When I played with Yvan before," he says, "I always tried to make long passes so he could go off on a breakaway. But now I want to handle the puck, like Beliveau used to, and make better plays. So I tell Yvan to slow down and let me pull the defensemen away from him. When they leave him, I pass the puck to him—and then he's gone."

And when they leave the new Lemaire, he's gone. **END**

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BRIDGE OVER DRY CREEK BED

BY JOHN HERSEY

The course was a mind twister, laid out by a rally committee full of fiends. But the driver and the navigator were rolling along in fine shape—until they turned off into the desert

CONTINUED







In rallies she drives our Alfa Spyder; I navigate. She feels that driving is the crucial task; in my view navigation is the key to winning. And so it was that I began to get riled as we came up on Checkpoint Number Seven. The sun stood over the desert like a judge's eye. We had been doing almost too well, so it wasn't lack of precision that bothered me. No, I was fed up with this tricky rally committee.

This checkpoint was a familiar trap of the sort resorted to by the more puerile rally committees. Rally committees are like total government. There is the theme of obedience in rallies. He who follows instructions most faithfully wins. Sometimes power goes to the rally committee's collective head, and it begins to dish out practical jokes, loop-arounds, mind twisters. When a team is taken in, one sees an identical smirk on the faces of all the flagmen and stewards and runners at the checkpoint time line and desk.

The last instruction but one was: "28) LAZY R. Speed 25.5 for 1.45 miles, then resume speed 42.0." Then: "29) SEVENTEEN PALMS. Right 4.3) miles after previous instruction. Speed 22.0. (Use caution! Built-up area!)"

LAZY R was easy—the gate sign of a ranch. We picked up the new speed right on the button. She counted down the last few hundredths on the trip odometer, and at "Mark!" I simultaneously checked the time and pushed the reset knob to zero the odo. Then I quickly entered the new time factor for 42 miles per hour in the setting register of the Curta, which I held like a pepper mill in my left hand; 1.4286 minutes per mile. And I began automatically cranking off the tenths on the Curta as they came up on the odo, comparing official time, as the little calculator gave it, with our elapsed time on one of the two sweet little Heuer split-action watches fastened to the top of the rally board on my knees. We were right on.

She leaned forward and craned upward through the windshield. "Hey. Case the hawk."

I found the bird curving its hunger across the sky. A Harris, to judge by the longish tail. A dark, robust soarer.

"See him?" she said, still leaning forward over the wheel. "Wish I was him. Know what I'd be doing if I was him?"

"What?"

"Watching us."

She usually feels watchable. She has confidence. She says "Vroom!" when she guns the engine, shifting up or down. The engine makes its vroom, and she makes hers in her throat. That's all right, I'm aggressive, too. We are some team. We're not ashamed of winning. I'm sick of all those cracks about the Protestant ethic. I don't care whether whoever wins is Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, white, black or red, as long as it's me. Us two. We know our jobs, we take delight in doing them well. That's so bad?

I could just see us from up there, hawk's-eye view. The point of focus: a glistening persimmon-colored packet of rabbit energy, casting a thin line of shadow along one

flank. It has great strength, that small shape down there, because it is pulling the narrow black road in under its belly and pushing it out behind. This glittering little thing stands still at the point of focus and, using the leverage of the road, pulls the whole dun landscape of low houseless hills steadily past it. Through a dark transparency on its body I see two pale ovals. Are they the eyes of the strength?

There is this serious difference between her and me, embedded, I guess, in the difference between our gifts as driver and navigator: she loves the idea of control; what excites me is the value of each hundredth of a second. For her the concentration on driving at a set speed gives a high kind of joy. Some drivers pop Miltowns at breakfast before the start. No such thing for her. She has an iron foot on the pedal, and her sense of timing is tied right in with her metronomic heartbeat. It is only when we get lost, have to stop and think, that she flips. For me the thrill is in those little Heuer babies slicing off the hundredths of minutes like the delicatessen meat slicer cutting and laying out membrane-thin slices on wax paper, and all the time what's left of the ham gets smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller. Beautiful! Once I tried to get her tuned in on this time-love, I told her to look out the side as we were humming along, to take in the chrome flanges of the hubcaps slicing off the even bits of seconds, cut cut cut cut cut cut, throwing off perfectly timed splashes of eternal sunlight—so regular! But when she looked out her hair blew across her face, and bringing her head back in and checking the odo she said, without enthusiasm, "Pretty."

There was this in the back of my mind: I had had a powerful dream the night before. Like everyone else I usually forget my dreams, but I had awakened from this one with my senses on the alert, as if there were a prowler somewhere in our motel room, and when I had calmed down the whole dream was—and it still is—intact in my mind, like a striking movie recently seen.

We were doing well in a rally in the desert—only I, not she, was at the wheel. We came to a checkpoint just before a bridge. A score of young men, wearing long white coats over work clothes, like attendants in certain expensive foreign-car garages, swarmed over the car, some actually climbing up on it. One of them, off to the right, pointed to a mechanism I'd never seen before, attached to the right front mudguard, and said, "That's what I want." Others went to work to remove it. I was afraid to protest, because I had heard stories of gang violence in circumstances like these. But then the car was across the bridge and in a garage: the swarm was all over the car; the hood was up, and the trunk compartment was open. The swarm ran off, carrying something. The car wouldn't start. I got out and found wires disconnected from some part that might have been a distributor, though it seemed to have a liquid in it. I tried to connect the wires, dipping one in the

continued

found and grinning at the other. But there were sparks, a puffing noise, and smoke, when, at a signal from me, she turned the starting key. Peering close into the strange part, I found the stubs of three parallel wires that had been cut, and I felt a devastating despair, a horrifying sense of finality. But now the head mechanic returned and gave some friendly advice about the distributor. I followed his suggestions and got back in the car, and the engine started and ran with a creamy smoothness. With remarkable aplomb she had kept track of the time loss, and she gave me an adjusted speed for the current situation. I drove off, but everything had changed, an appalling world's-end grief gripped my heart. Then I was sitting up in bed, awake and afraid.

Seventeen Palms is a small square town laid out like a plaid patch on the desert east of the Salton Sea. Once there was an oasis there, I suppose, a spring, a score of ragged palms, three or four palm-frond *ramadas* belonging to some stray *Cahuillas*. But now the place is an even grid of a whole lot of sand-fringed Tarmac streets with little baked-white houses, and it has the usual banal main drag with the standard false fronts and gas pumps and Schlitz signs and a big Stop-N-Shop. Brown nearby are the Chocolate Mountains, pale blue in the distance the larger Chuckwallas. With the right turn that's coming up, maybe they'll be sending us down into the green world of the Imperial Valley. Niland, Calipatria, West, may be even right down to the border at Calexico. From this barren nowhere into the heart of foodland. Now, an imaginative rally committée.

But that's what you can't do. You can't fool around with the rally instructions. You just have to obey.

Coming into Seventeen Palms we're watching for the right turn, watching the road and watching the trip odometer. At 42 miles an hour, the hundredths tick off pretty fast on the odometer. What we're counting down is right 431 miles after previous instruction. Oh, the bastards, the turn is spang in town, at one of a score of its even blocks.

Now I see that there is a rally car just a few hundred feet ahead of us. It is a beat-up BMW 1800TI; not the car that is supposed to be exactly a minute ahead of us. I say, "Boy, they really must have taken a bag somewhere along the line." I look down.

She chooses this moment, when I'm meshed in tight on the odometer and the stopwatch, to say, "Did you see the couple driving that heap?"

I say "Huh?"

"They're really zonked out on rallies, worse than us, honey."

"How's that?"

"They're very high fashion. They've got a leather-bound picnic hamper, looks like it might be Fortnum & Mason, you know? He carries it all the time. Know what's in it?"

"Huh?" Coming up on four point two oh.

"Her father's ashes. Honest to God. Died Wednesday. They had him cremated. Postponed the funeral till after the rally. I swear."

"For Pete's sake concentrate, will you? Four point two oh is six, seven, eight—next block—nine, thirty, mark!" I check the time. Perfect!

But she jerks us to a sudden stop. I raise my eyes. There is Checkpoint Seven just beyond the street corner. The BMW has pulled in and is at the desk. The flagman looks mystifyingly at us—all set, one can guess, to give us that old you-fell-for-it smirk.

She says, "What do I do now?"

I drive my eyes down onto the instruction sheet. I see that the next three instructions—my God, I should have looked at them before this—are also right turns. I shout at her, "Get on and turn. It's a loop-around. Oh, those cute bastards."

She is upright. "Speed 22." She has remembered, but she's cranky. As if it were my fault. "How much time have we lost?"

"I have it." I have to do some fast figuring. Time at 22 miles per hour to next turn. Add lost time. Divide by distance to nearest hundredth to find corrected speed. I really grind the pepper. I give her the speed.

Then what she has said about the wife's father's ashes finally sinks in, and I feel angry, and I'm steeped in that appalling dream-sadness. Angry at whom? At those heartless rally nuts in the BMW, reminding me with their hamper how close to the edge we are? At this cool, cool wife of mine logging exactly 22.8 miles per hour? At the rally committée that treats us like children at an over-organized birthday party? I don't know, I don't know.

"Yukh! Look at the yuccas!" she says. In front yards. She hates yuccas.

Another of our differences—she lives in the region of hut-ang, I know. creatures. Along the way she'll see out of the corner of her eye the touches of color and will sing out the names to me: mule fat, stinkweed, bladderpod, goat nut, five-spot; and she'll stish a finger at a lonely salubash, wave a vague hand over a carpet of lupines.

And yet she will catch me out in my territory, too. Two nights before the rally we drove out in the desert and parked to take a look at the American flags on the moon. And she said, "Shh. Listen to the scorpions cecropiating."

"What-uh?"

Her verb had taken my ear off the point of what she was doing, walking out onto my ground. You actually could hear some lane rustling. I thought white-footed mice. But I didn't say anything.

She comes out with some of the damndest words. She isn't in the danger so many of our friends are—of the paralyzing frustration that comes from forcing out more or less complicated thoughts through the tight and rigid grid

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of a totally flat vocabulary. With her it's the opposite: the thoughts are thin, the mode of expression is what matters to her.

I am fascinated by her. We are a hot rally team. We win a great deal. I am truly upset.

We get around the loop all right and now, going past the intersection where we had turned before, we pull in at Checkpoint Seven. The flagman drops the time signal. Do I imagine a slight smirk all around? We purr up to the stop line at the desk. I hand a runner our time slip from the last control, he takes it to the desk, a steward enters the error points, and the runner brings the new slip back in duplicate.

Before I even look at the points I say to the runner, "You've got a real set of intellectuals for your so-called rally committee."

He snarls at me. "What're you bitching about? You got the best time so far."

I read out loud, "One hundred thirty-seven." That is, one second and thirty-seven hundredths off.

My driver hums a few bars of a Sousa march; she is blithe I'm tooed off. Ours may be, as the runner says, the most accurate time up to now, but it makes me mad to be so far off. We've been within 20 points at every control before this one, under 10 at most. It gets me down to go over a hundred.

But emotions must not interfere with obedience. I have already zeroed the trip odometer and the leg stopwatch. We move away from the time line exactly two minutes after our arrival, and resume at 22 miles an hour. About three blocks along I see an SCCA sign attached to a street lamp-post. It has two numbers on it: the distance in hundredths of a mile from the checkpoint we have just left, and the number of the next effective instruction: 34.

I read it off: "Thirty-four, Left at MAUDIE'S. Speed 38.0."

I feel some fear. Left. They are not sending us toward the desert, we are going deeper into the desert.

We execute four more instructions, plunging deeper into dryness and heat. This may be the end of the world. The hills beguile the causer. It seems as if time itself has been eroded; the centuries have been pulverized into a fine dust that lies on every slope and plane. This dame at the wheel and I have nothing to talk about. The roof of my mouth is sticky.

I see a bridge up ahead on the road, and I feel it would be wrong to cross it. But I can't bring myself to say anything. I am spooked; speech itself might bring some harm. It is she who breaks things open. "We're lost," she says, and she hits the brakes. "I can't hack any more of this."

We stop 50 feet from the bridge. Noon stands up straight over the desert. The Alfa's engine is so smooth that I can hear the Heuers ticking in their metal brackets on the rally board.

"You're losing time," I say. "I'm not lost at all." But oh, I am.

"Do they say anything about a bridge?"

"No. They wouldn't. Why should they?" My right forefinger is set under the last instruction. I read it out, "Thirty-eight. Left after FRESCA." Remember? Only it was a Coke sign, not Fresca. This flipped-out committee."

"Soft drink ads all over this damn desert."

The bridge expresses itself as a quartet of bare concrete piers, chest high on a standing man, and a pair of simple metal trusses to carry the weight of a slab that spans a shallow dry arroyo. Sunlight beats down on the bridge and on the scene around it. The trusses have once been painted black, and patches, evidently of parts of the metal that have become exposed and have begun to rust even in this dry air, are now touched up with aluminum paint, and the silvery shapes tremble in the brilliancy of light as if floating in the air right off the steel. A beam-splitting sunblast splays off a mirroring slant of the chrome wind-shield wiper on my side; the hood of the car has an iridescence, showing through a darker transparency of a coral wax finish, a vivid yellowy red.

"I don't like that bridge," she says. "This heat, this heat."

"Don't. . . . Just because . . ."

It now seems to me that all the territory on the other side of the bridge is *forbidden*. How could I tell her how afraid I am? I have in my mind a subliminal glimpse of a mechanism—distributor?—with liquid in it. Wires have been cut. I have always known how to deal with disappointment. I have had this knowledge from childhood—of how to hold on and get in to the next minute. The sun roasts the car.

I reach up with both hands and take the Curta from its bracket on the board and, putting my right forefinger in the looped handle on top, take three full turns for the three-tenths of a mile I haven't checked out, then I peer intently at the readout.

"Jesus, darling, we're running 300 seconds late."

"I feel that we're lost."

"I feel that you've decided to boot the whole rally."

"You better believe it," she says. But then she adds, "Next time, you drive. I'll navigate."

"Next time? But you keep saying driving's the whole thing."

"It's too hot to argue."

"Who's arguing?"

"Oh, come on, darling. Where did we go wrong?"

I check the instructions, and at once the scales fall away from my eyes. It seems I dropped into one of the rally committee's shot traps. So simple it jumps right off the paper at me now. I know by the right-hand stopwatch exactly how much time we have lost. We can make it up. I shout at her, "Turn around! Turn back!" I am flooded with relief. We won't have to cross this arroyo.

END

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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In this picture everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Alfonso Ciggitt, divorce lawyer. Gimmick, far out dress to intimidate the opposition. Smokes cigarettes made of dried tundra. **2.** Harold A. Baer, rare book expert. ("Books Old and Rare from Harry Baer.") Thinks rolling his own makes him look younger. A real

dingbat. **3.** If she's the Camel Filters smoker, the guy with the beard is Jean Harlow. **4.** Gene Harlow. **5.** Right! He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he smokes an honest, no-nonsense cigarette Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco. **6.** A. Boswell Farquar, Gimmick, a white (not green) parrot. Hasn't seen a movie in years. They won't let his parrot in.

6a. Parrot. Smokes a meerchaum pipe but has trouble keeping it lit.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE COLTS

Sirs,

Thank you very much for the excellent article on the Baltimore Colts (*Evening Sun's* *Be First String*, Dec. 18). George Plimpton did an outstanding job of reporting the facts of the new operating procedure. Being an avid Baltimore supporter, I was very much surprised by the replacement of Don McCafferty as head coach of this superior ball club. I do not approve of this maneuver. However, I very much support the benching of John Unitas. He is, in my opinion, not as able to produce as he once was. Marty Domres is a coming star, and I feel he will rekindle the flame in the Baltimore area. As for John Sandulsky, no way. The Colt organization must come up with a better replacement for Mac. Don't count the Colts out. After all, if the Packers can do it, so can the Colts.

BILLY MINNICH

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs,

Thank you for George Plimpton's report. Perhaps new ownership and impersonal management can build a new Colt dynasty, but Mr. Plimpton's article reflects something else: the spirit of support and almost maternal enthusiasm that tens of thousands of us feel in Baltimore. We had it because we loved Johnny Unitas, were enthralled by Gino Marchetti, waited breathlessly for Raymond Berry to string himself over the sidelines or Jimmy Orr to make the impossible catch. Maybe a new, cold, unemotional front office can produce a great team—a Green Bay type—but for wildly enthusiastic fan support and excitement of a type we're not likely to see again, let us all give recognition to Johnny U. and the Colts that were. It was an era we Baltimoreans will never forget.

FRANK W. DAVIS JR., M.D.

Baltimore

Sirs,

I read with interest the excellent and revealing article by George Plimpton regarding the Colts' decline. But the statement by Joe Thomas that fans don't care who the quarterback is "as long as he wins" displays his low opinion of football fans and disrespect for his players.

John Unitas is one of the few remaining genuine heroes in sport. As a Colt fan, I have never felt more satisfaction and pride than when Unitas went into the Buffalo game in Baltimore to a standing ovation and threw a touchdown pass to Eddie Hinton. As I watched the fans say goodbye to the man

they love so much, I could not help but think what a link Joe Thomas is.

Thomas also said fans don't pay to see the coach. That may be true. However, many football fans would pay a good deal just to see John Unitas walk into a stadium. Who would pay two cents to see Joe Thomas? The next time he picks up his paycheck he should think about that.

BILLY SCHENBERGER

Newville, Pa.

Sirs,

If Robert Irwin and Joe Thomas want the Colts to start winning, then why don't they just quit 'Bring Back Unitas'?

R. P. KING

Nashville

DR. J.

Sirs,

I thoroughly enjoyed *The Net-Rope*, *Backward-Stealing*, *Mind-Blowing Dr. J* (Dec. 11). It's about time Julius Erving got his deserved recognition. His fans, who watched his unbelievable performances in the Cage at the University of Massachusetts, have known all along that he was the greatest. I think he has moved up his sleeves he hasn't used yet, if that is possible. I would like to have seen that 360 job.

I urge everybody to see Dr. J at least once. You haven't lived until you have!

S. LOTTERMAN

Springfield, Mass.

Sirs,

Thank you so much for the article. Julius Erving fully deserves to be compared with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Artis Gilmore and Bill Walton, as Peter Carey pointed out. Virginia is proud of Dr. J.

ROSE MARIE LOCKE

Hopewell, Va.

Sirs,

They call him Dr. J. Dr. Super seems more appropriate.

THOMAS SHIRANE

Fresno, N.Y.

CANADA'S FIND

Sirs,

Your article on Chuck Ealey (*Clampaw* and *Sail*, Dec. 11) just adds more light to the manner in which the NFL handles black players who are attempting to play quarterback, that taboo position. It would be nice to see the men who own, manage and coach the NFL teams let ability instead of color be the determining factor, as it should be. I honestly believe that most

continued



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He has received the Jaycees' Distinguished Service Award, the Silver Beaver Award for his work with the Boy Scouts, and was recently elected an elder in his church.

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16TH HOLE (continued)

fans couldn't care less about the color of a quarterback as long as he is giving them a winning season.

It's just a shame that a Canadian team had to show that a black quarterback can lead a professional team to a championship before an American team could get one, and there are many established as starters. One seldom gets a chance to see the players of the Canadian League who were stars in American colleges and universities as Chuck Ealey was. Thanks to Joe Marshall for a fine article on a truly talented quarterback.

Fort Benning, Ga

BLAIR LEWIS

Sirs:

I was glad to see Chuck Ealey on TV last summer when some early-season Canadian games were broadcast to the States. It was good to know that at least in Canada his quarterbacking abilities were appreciated.

Black quarterbacking talent in the NFL is languishing on benches and taxi squads or relegated to such positions as split end, wide receiver and cornerback for lack of quarterbacking opportunities. With black quarterbacks increasing in number at the larger, predominantly white schools, not to mention the continuing stream from the predominantly black schools, their talents will have to be considered along with those of the Bradshaws, Griese, Playpops, Hanratty, Shaws, Mannings, Patorinis and Reeveses.

Atlanta

BRIEDEL JACKSON

Sirs:

Congratulations to Joe Marshall on his fine article on Chuck Ealey. I've wanted to scream "Look at him!" to the NFL all year long. Maybe they will realize what a fine player they passed up. Bad arm? Ha!

MARGARET S. MATTHEWS

Toledo

A TASTE OF ICE

Sirs:

The expansion program of the NHL has long received a great deal of criticism and very little praise, but Mark Mulvoy's fine presentation on the Atlanta Flames (*A New Southern Rising*, Dec. 4) has turned the tide. The enthusiasm of Atlanta hockey fans was never realized by anyone involved until Mulvoy penned his findings, which are only too evident now. Look at Buffalo, one of the game's most exciting young clubs. Without Perreault, Martin, Robert & Co. the NHL would be minus a real attraction. It is young stars like these who bring extra excitement to the circuit and keep it well above opposing organizations. And without these expansion clubs many of the coveted young-

sters would never get a chance to actively participate in regular shifts. What good would it do them to sit on the bench while their veteran teammates get the ice time? We all must agree it is a far superior idea to let them play on a new team, where they can start fresh and play readily, developing their skills and giving all of North America's hockey nuts a good show.

D. M. LYRA

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

May I congratulate whoever on your staff chose Mark Mulvoy to write for your magazine? Mulvoy has shown keen insight in writing about the teams of the future, the Atlanta Flames and the Buffalo Sabres. He has recognized good teams built on youth, and when all the Phil Esposito and Ed Giacomin have turned coach, or whatever happens to old hockey players, the Gil Perreault and Phil Myers will have taken over. Indeed, when in the not too distant future Atlanta and Buffalo are the finalists in the Stanley Cup playoffs, Mark Mulvoy and I will have called it first.

BLAIR WEBSTER

Angola, N.Y.

Sirs:

I read the article with much appreciation. Atlanta has welcomed and supported the Flames with great enthusiasm. With the exception of the Falcons, I have never seen such acceptance of a major league sport in the 15 years I have lived in Atlanta (it was transplanted from the North). I say Bravo, Atlanta, for welcoming a "Yankee" sport, and also thanks to the Igloo for persevering over the years and giving Atlantans a taste of ice!

WILLIAM JORDAN

Atlanta

NO SECRETS

Sirs:

Re Sarah Pileggi's article on Lanny Wadkins (*Lanny War Super, Just as Lanny Predicted*, Dec. 11), we here in western New York know about the great golf Lanny can play because we have watched his superb execution in the Porter Cup at the Niagara Falls Country Club.

So Sarah wrote a great article, but why in heck did she have to blow a winter of anticipation as to the winner of the CBS Classic (page 84, third paragraph)?

ALVIN E. KATZ

Buffalo

Sirs:

You rat links! You have mentioned the unmentionable, and in so doing you have ruined the suspense and enjoyment of the winter solace for golfers. Someone is being a real smart aleck to publish the results of

continued



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19TH HOLE

the CBS Golf Classic in your Dec. 11 issue.

If Sarah Pileggi is the Scrooge in this dis-
tasteful deed, then I say Fie upon her. I only
hope that SI does not think such a gra-
tuitous revelation aids your sports-minded
readers in enjoying what should be one of
the best golf programs on television.

BEN C. BURMAN

Whispering Pines, N.C.

• SI sympathizes, but the cat was al-
ready out of the bag—ED

STOP AND GO

Sirs:

In regard to Al Huber and his opinion
of the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea
Memorial Trophy Race (SCORECARD, Dec.
11), don't you think it is about time the Fed-
eral Government realized that some drivers
in some cars can travel safely at speeds well
over the posted limit? A fact in point is
that the initial winners of the Cannonball
Baker—Dan Gurney (you've heard of him,
Mr. Huber) and Brock Yates—made a flaw-
less trip from New York to California in
their Ferrari Daytona.

It is certainly true that everyone wants
safer cars, safer highways and, most im-
portant, safer drivers, and we believe that
the Cannonball Baker is an excellent ex-
ample of how above-average drivers in ad-
equate cars can safely handle speeds be-
yond those set for average drivers.

There are many people presently involved
with trying to get a Master Driver Licen-
sing program passed through federal legis-
lation. Drivers who qualify for this license
would then be eligible for reduced insur-
ance premiums and higher speed limits after
they have proved their superior driving abil-
ity. Perhaps passage of such a plan would
result in more Dan Gurneys.

GARY MAERZ

JERRY LUNTER

Quakertown, Pa.

Sirs,

Hats off to Mr. Al Huber of the Indiana
Traffic Safety Council. It would appear that
Brock Yates has organized an event that
makes it obligatory to violate the nation's
traffic laws. In so doing, the man is delib-
erately endangering the lives of every man,
woman and child who uses the public thor-
oughfares. With Yahoos like Yates around,
it is small wonder that Americans kill each
other on the highways at a rate 10 times fas-
ter than the Viet Cong have done in a shoot-
ing war.

RICHARD L. GRIMMANN

Provo, Utah

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